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Dizzy's remarkable day



“**S**o, AFTER ALL, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament—509 to 20. The division took an hour. I then left the house at ten o'clock, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult and excitement unprecedented. I dined or rather supped at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side off oysters, Guinness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life.”

From the original letter by Disraeli to his sister Sarah (Nov. 21st, 1837).



A liking for Guinness is a homely touch in Disraeli's rather flamboyant personality. It shows that Guinness was at home, then, as now, in every level of society—forming a link between the “Two Nations” of which the statesman-novelist wrote in “*Sybil*”. Disraeli's Guinness might have come in a



stoneware bottle like the example illustrated. This was certainly made before 1850, at which date the makers, Stephen Green of Lambeth, ceased to operate under that name. Guinness in a glass bottle is as good today as it was when our great-grandfathers enjoyed it.





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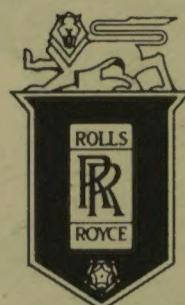
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TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

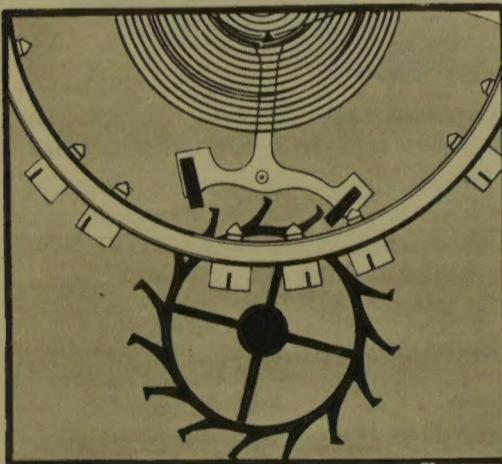
You've never heard
 his name—
 but he's
 world-famous

YOU'LL SEE Swiss watches in shop windows from Kirkcaldy to Capetown, Santiago to Sydney. The whole world has heard of them, the whole world wants them. Just why?

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So if you want a watch that will stay accurate for many years, that's made as beautifully inside as out, just go to your jeweller, let him show you some good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watches; and take his expert advice.



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pairs of nylons
made in 1954—
34,000,000
more than in 1953

... it's part of
Britain's progress,
to which



'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

**contributes, at home
and abroad**

City store and village shop alike show evidence of Britain's economic progress. In the last 6 years our industrial output has risen by 20%. Plenty of goods and plenty to choose from now.

But Britain must export, too, to prosper. Here again there is a great recovery. Since 1949 our exports are up 42% by value.

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This Company also manufactures motors and other electrical machinery by which Britain's industries *use* energy for production.

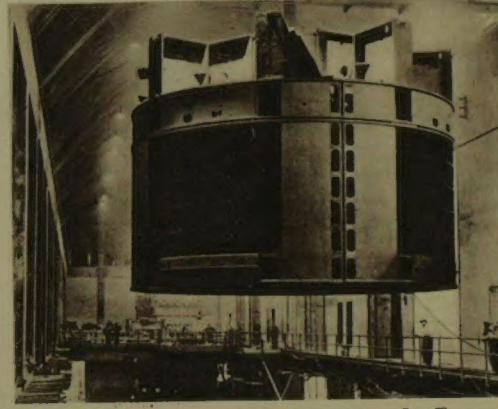
A Vigorous Exporter

In addition, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is an important exporter—of heavy equipment and of engineering skill. Approximately *half its business is overseas*. All over the world ENGLISH ELECTRIC is earning hard and soft currencies for Britain—and a reputation that helps all British exports.

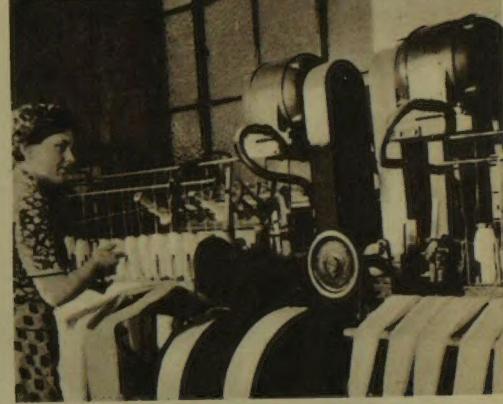
Working on a global scale, the Company faces many varied problems—and acquires the varied, ever-widening *experience* with which to solve them. Thanks to this experience, all the Company's resources are turned to advantage in making their important contribution—at home and abroad—to Britain's progress.



POWER FOR INDUSTRY. ENGLISH ELECTRIC supplied four 40,000-h.p. steam turbo-alternators to this power station in South Wales—helping to supply the main centre of Britain's nylon yarn production.



EARNING MONEY OVERSEAS. The stator of an ENGLISH ELECTRIC water-turbine-driven alternator is lowered into position in the underground power station that supplies Canada's new aluminium project.



POWER IN INDUSTRY. ENGLISH ELECTRIC motors are used in every branch of the textile industry. These hank reeling machines are being driven by the totally-enclosed motors at the top.



DEVELOPING MARKETS OVERSEAS. This ENGLISH ELECTRIC 54 MVA, 230 kV transformer, seen on its way to Yallourn "C" Power Station in Victoria, is the largest yet made for use in Australia.

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La Charrette (Souvenir de Saintry)

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J. B. C. Corot 1874.



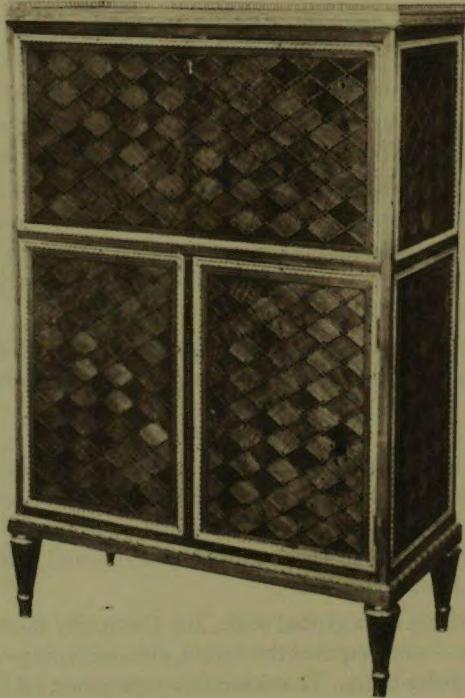
Fabergé gold-mounted nephrite ink-vase
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32 ins. wide.



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and Lalage by F. A. Bustelli.
7½ ins. and 7 ins. high.



Louis XVI upright parquetry
secretaire by Martin Carlin.
28½ ins. wide.

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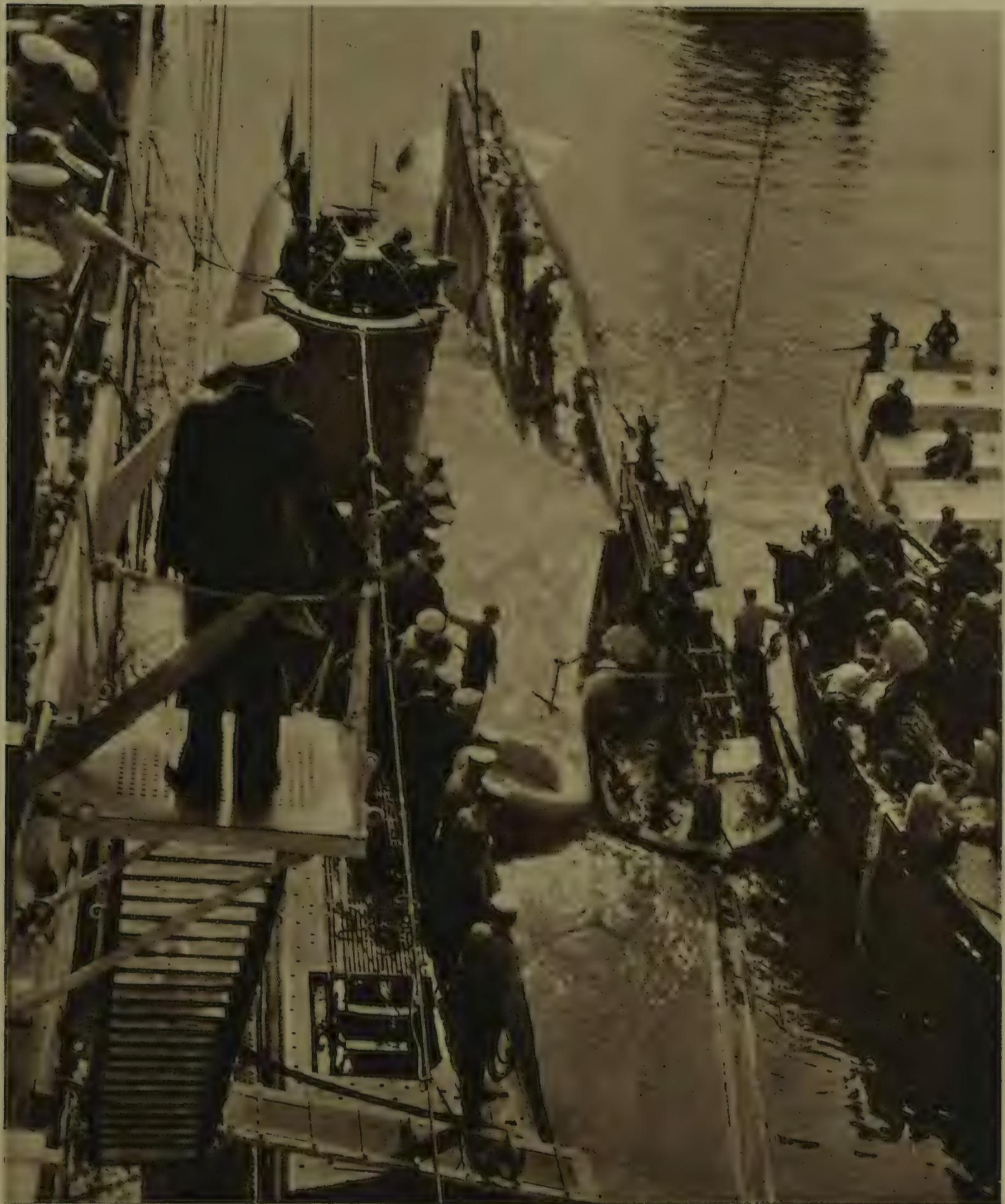
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SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1955.



JUST BEFORE SIDON SANK IN PORTLAND HARBOUR, DORSET: AN EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE DOOMED SUBMARINE AFTER THE EXPLOSION, WITH OFFICERS AND RATINGS PREPARING TO ABANDON SHIP.

On June 16 the submarine *Sidon* (1000 tons) sank in Portland Harbour after an explosion in a torpedo compartment. There were fifty-six people on board and all hope was abandoned for three officers and ten ratings who went down with her. *Sidon* was about to go on a training exercise in the Channel and practice torpedoes were being embarked when the explosion occurred in the forward torpedo compartment. The submarine was lying alongside her parent ship, H.M.S. *Maidstone*, the dépôt ship of the Second Submarine Squadron, less than 100 yards from the dock-yard precincts. During the twenty minutes between the time of the explosion and the sinking of the submarine in 36 ft. of water, members of *Sidon*'s crew escaped from the doomed vessel and rescue parties went

on board. Among the rescue workers was Surgeon Lieutenant C. E. Rhodes, R.N.V.R., of *Maidstone*. After passing two injured members of the crew to safety he returned to help others and was not seen again. As *Sidon* was sinking the salvage vessel *Moordale* came alongside and got a hawser round the submarine's stern, but the bows still sank and *Moordale* had to let go as *Sidon* touched bottom. The last to leave the vessel, after it was decided that nothing could be done for the men still trapped in her, was Lieut.-Commander H. T. Verry, the commanding officer. Our photograph, which was taken after the explosion, shows H.M.S. *Maidstone* (left), another submarine, rescue vessels (right), and *Sidon* sinking by the bow as members of her crew prepared to abandon ship.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HOW many people to-day, I wonder, have read "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green"? Once, I believe, it was a most popular work—best-seller of best-sellers. My own edition, in a gaily-coloured paper wrapper, priced one shilling and not unreminiscent of a small horror comic, is the fifth edition published by Messrs. H. Ingram and Co., in 1854. Last night, in a moment of exhaustion, I casually picked it out of a shelf and started to turn over the pages. I had dipped into it before, but never had had the time or curiosity to read far, but this time I could not put it down. For it carried me into a world both familiar and unfamiliar, the best world, that is, of all. It took me back to the timeless Oxford of my youth and yet to a different Oxford—the Oxford of my great-grandfather, of horse and terrier, of the era of "Soapy Sponge's Sporting Tour," incidentally, another great book, with the apparently effortless power of lifting the reader out of himself and carrying him into another world, yet one of which he feels part and in which he is at home. "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green—an Oxford Freshman," was written as a joke, as Pickwick was, a few years earlier. It was the kind of joke which our robust and still half-bucolic ancestors of the early nineteenth century greatly enjoyed, and which a whole underworld of able, and occasionally brilliant, journalists lived by creating. It was the kind of joke, indeed, out of which, reaching back through the "Book of Snobs" to the doings of Corinthian Tom and his companions, the great national comic journal, *Punch*, first sprang.

Yet "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green" is something more than a joke. Like the "Terræ Filius" of a century earlier and that exquisite little novel, "Zuleika Dobson," of half-a-century later, it is both a caricature of Oxford undergraduate life and a mirror of it. And since it is a true mirror, and Oxford undergraduate life is the stuff out of which eternal comedy and poetry can be made, it partakes, in its humble, unpretending way, of the same spontaneous freshness and reality as Chaucer's tale of the sister university and the adventures of the two scholars in the mill at Trumpington, or even, to take a very different example, drawn from our own age, of that enchanting, magical evocation of young love and Oxford, "Guy and Pauline." Not that there is anything about love in "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green." It is far too tightly packed with high-spirited masculine horseplay. Yet its theme is youth, and the absurd extravagances, but vitality and freedom of youth, and, when all is done, what, except great endeavour or a noble death, does life, with all its solemnities and pursuit of shadows, offer better than that?

And oh! the days, the days, the days,
When all the four were off together:
The infinite deep of summer haze,
The roaring charge of autumn weather! . . .

They say that in the unchanging place,
Where all we loved is always dear,
We meet our morning face to face
And find at last our twentieth year.*

Perhaps all this may seem refining on trivialities; a perceiving of the significant in an insignificant, trivial, journalistic jest. Verdant Green was the only son of a backwoodsman Warwickshire squire, who, brought up with his sisters by a doting mother—herself a Sapcey of Sapcot, a family like the Verdant Greens, "not renowned either for common sense or worldly wisdom"—had never mixed with his male contemporaries until the rector, an Oxford man, persuaded his father to send him to Brazenface College "to gain that experience without which a man cannot arm himself to meet the difficulties that beset all of us in the battle of life" and, where "no longer the little household god he had fancied himself to be . . . he has to bear contradiction and reproof, to find himself only an equal with others when he can gain that equality by his own deserts." In other words, to learn to know himself by that process of enjoying neighbour's fare that

has always been at the core of the old, to-day temporarily discarded, but, as I think, perennially wise English ideal of education. Needless to say, when he gets to his *alma mater*, and even before he gets there in the noisy, cheroot-smoking, horn-blowing, impertinently chaffing company of returning undergraduates, "not one of whom seemed to have passed his twentieth year," the solemn, green glasses, complacently but a little apprehensively, at the unfamiliar world about him, suffered a veritable martyrdom of banter and leg-pulling. But, though high-spirited and at times almost physically painful, the teasing and leg-pulling were all good-humoured and without malice, and, since its victim, though green, had the root of the matter in him, educative and, in the ultimate resort, enjoyable. Reading about it, we share young Verdant's ordeal, his adventures, his enjoyment, and, above all, his experience. And it is real experience; this, I found myself saying, is how young men at universities, despite all the differences of period, circumstance and fashion, always talk and behave and feel. It is the inherent high spirits of the book and its characters that ring so true. This is how my own friends of five-and-thirty years ago treated one another and were happy together, happier, I dare say, than any of us have ever been since or ever were before. Belloc had the truth of it—and no man loved Oxford more or understood its meaning better—when he wrote that wonderful, bantering poem of undergraduate youth, remembered after long time and deep emotion in tranquillity:

From quiet homes and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning,
But laughter and the love of friends.

There are two passages in "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green" which show that its author understood not only the humour, but the beauty and poetry of Oxford. The first describes the young men, ridiculous in unwonted cap and gown and new-purchased, tasseled cane, walking through Christ Church Meadows, which, sadly enough, a less perceptive generation is contemplating bisecting with an arterial road:

The beautiful meadows lay green and bright in the sun; the arching trees threw a softened light, and made a chequered pavement of the great Broad Walk; "witch-elms did counter-change the floor" of the gravel-walks that wound with the windings of the Cherwell; the drooping willows were mirrored in its stream; through openings in the trees there were glimpses of grey old college-buildings; then came the walk along the banks, the Isis shining like molten silver, and fringed around with barges and boats; then another stretch of green meadows; then a cloud of steam from the railway-station; and a background of gently rising hills.

The other describes the rustic home from which Master Verdant, like many another English boy, came, and which in those days most people took for granted:

The carefully-kept gardens, bounded on the one side by the Long Walk and a grove of shrubs and oaks; and on the other side by a double avenue of stately elms, that led through velvet turf of brightest green, down past a little rustic lodge, to a gently sloping valley, where were white walls and rose-clustered gables of cottages peeping out from the embosoming trees, that betrayed the village beauties they seemed loth to hide. Then came the grey church-tower, dark with shrouding ivy; then another clump of stately elms, tenanted by cawing rooks; then a yellow stretch of bright meadow-land, dappled over with browsing kine knee-deep in grass and flowers; then a deep pool that mirrored all, and shone like silver; then more trees with floating shade, and homesteads rich in wheat-stacks; then a willowy brook that sparkled on merrily to an old mill-wheel, whose slippery stairs it lazily got down, and sank to quiet rest in the stream below; then came, crowding in rich profusion, wide-spreading woods and antlered oaks; and golden gorse and purple heather; and sunny orchards, with their dark-green waves that in Spring foamed white with blossoms; and then gently swelling hills that rose to close the scene and frame the picture.

I wonder what has happened to that home and that picture to-day?

TRACED AFTER NINETY-NINE YEARS:
AN INTERESTING RELIC.



NINETY-NINE YEARS AGO: THE CEREMONY OF TURNING THE FIRST TURF OF THE SOUTH-WESTERN CENTRAL LINE AT GILLINGHAM IN POURING RAIN.

MISS SEYMOUR IS WHEELING THE SPECIAL BARROW. (SEE BELOW.)

Detail from a drawing reproduced in "The Illustrated London News" of April 12, 1856.



NINETY-NINE YEARS LATER: THE BARROW AND SPADE USED FOR TURNING THE FIRST TURF OF THE SOUTH-WESTERN CENTRAL LINE, WHICH HAVE BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE GILLINGHAM (DORSET) LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY. (L. TO R.) MR. A. G. DAVIS (CHAIRMAN OF THE PARISH COUNCIL); LIEUT.-COLONEL C. R. A. WALLIS (HON. CURATOR) AND MR. R. J. G. SHUTE (CHAIRMAN OF THE SOCIETY) EXAMINING THE NEW EXHIBITS.

Gillingham (Dorset) Local History Society has recently acquired the barrow and spade used for turning the first turf prior to the construction of the stretch of railway line linking Salisbury with Yeovil. The ceremony, which took place at Gillingham on April 3, 1856, was performed by Miss Seymour of East Knoyle House, sister of the Chairman of the new undertaking and a kinswoman of the Duke of Somerset. A picture of the ceremony, which took place in pouring rain, appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of April 12, 1856, and was accompanied by a description. "The barrow is formed of walnut; the shafts terminate in griffins' heads, and the spokes are fashioned as sheaves of corn. It bears the arms of the South-Western Company, the Salisbury and Yeovil Company, the Seymour family, of Mr. Locke, and of the contractor... The spade, of solid silver, is beautifully engraved and ornamented. The barrow and spade were manufactured by Messrs. Herring, Fleet-street, upholsterers to the Corporation of London."

KING HUSSEIN AND HIS BRIDE IN BRITAIN: THE ROYAL VISITORS IN LONDON AND WINDSOR.



ARRIVING AT NORTHLTON ON JUNE 16: KING HUSSEIN (RIGHT CENTRE) AND QUEEN DINA (LEFT), WHO WERE WELCOMED AT THE AIRPORT BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (NEXT TO QUEEN DINA) ON BEHALF OF THE QUEEN.



ATTENDING THE FINALS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE POLO TOURNAMENT IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK ON JUNE 18: (L. TO R.) KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN; PRINCESS MARGARET; QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND QUEEN DINA OF JORDAN.



PASSING A GUARD OF HONOUR FORMED BY MEN OF THE ARAB LEGION: KING HUSSEIN AND QUEEN DINA OF JORDAN ARRIVING AT EARLS COURT ON JUNE 17 TO SEE THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.



AT WINDSOR CASTLE ON JUNE 19: THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE WITH KING HUSSEIN AND QUEEN DINA. KING HUSSEIN AND HIS BRIDE SPENT A NIGHT AT THE CASTLE AS THE GUESTS OF HER MAJESTY.



ON THEIR FIRST EVENING IN LONDON: KING HUSSEIN AND QUEEN DINA, WHO ATTENDED A RECEPTION.

KING HUSSEIN and Queen Dina of Jordan, who were married in Amman on April 19, arrived in London by air from Spain on June 16 for a week's official visit at the invitation of the British Government. The young Royal couple, who met while they were students in Britain, are on their honeymoon. The King and his bride were greeted at Northolt by the Duke of Gloucester, and later attended a reception at Lancaster House. On June 17 they saw the Royal Tournament at Earls Court and on the

[Continued below, left.]



AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT ON JUNE 17: QUEEN DINA RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM A MEMBER OF THE WOMEN'S ROYAL NAVAL SERVICE.

Continued.]
following day went to Windsor, where they watched the finals of the Household Brigade Polo Tournament in Windsor Great Park with members of the Royal family. King Hussein and Queen Dina then spent the night at Windsor Castle as the guests of her Majesty. Other engagements planned for the Royal visitors included several

journeys which King Hussein planned to carry out by helicopter. On June 20 he flew to visit H.M.S. *Centaur* at sea, and later to the Folland Aircraft Company works at Hamble. On June 21 the King arranged to visit the R.A.F. station at Biggin Hill, while Queen Dina inspected Westminster Hospital.

AIR RAIDS ON GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND THE BATTLE OF BUENOS AIRES: THE REVOLT IN ARGENTINA; AND DEMONSTRATIONS THAT LED UP TO IT.



PART OF A HUGE CROWD WHICH GATHERED ON CORPUS CHRISTI (JUNE 11) OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL IN BUENOS AIRES, DESPITE GOVERNMENT BANS.



OUTSIDE THE CONGRESS BUILDING ON CORPUS CHRISTI DAY, WHEN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CROWDS ARE REPORTED TO HAVE HOISTED THE PAPAL FLAG ON THIS BUILDING.



MASS DEMONSTRATIONS BY FOLLOWERS OF PRESIDENT PERON ON JUNE 14, WHEN THE TWO BISHOPS WERE "DISMISSED" AND EXILED BY THE GOVERNMENT. (Photo by radio.)



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE CONGRESS BUILDING IN BUENOS AIRES, ON WHICH THE CORPUS CHRISTI DAY CROWDS MARCHED TO HOIST THE PAPAL FLAG.



THE TWO EXILED ARGENTINE BISHOPS (L. TO R.), MGR. TATO AND MGR. NOVOA, ARRIVING AT ROME AFTER THEIR FLIGHT FROM BUENOS AIRES.



PRESIDENT PERON (LEFT) EMBRACING GENERAL LUCERO. (Photo by radio.)



ANTI-CATHOLIC DEMONSTRATORS CARRYING AN EFFIGY OF A PRIEST IN THE BUENOS AIRES STREETS. (Photo by radio.)

THE strained situation in Argentina boiled up into an armed revolt on June 16 with two violent air raids on the area of Government House, in Buenos Aires, and hand-to-hand fighting in the Plaza de Mayo; but by June 19 the Army was reported to be in complete control and the Government claimed that all was normal. The leaders of the revolt have been named as Rear-Admiral Olivieri, Rear-Admiral Calderon and Vice-Admiral Gargiulo; and it has been stated that it was an attempt by the Navy and naval air forces to seize power, which has been defeated by the Army under General Lucero, the Minister of War, who was named Commander-in-Chief of the "Forces of Repression." The situation has however been complicated by the fact that it coincided with particularly strained relations between

the Government and the Roman Catholic Church; and both Roman Catholics and the Communists have been variously named as responsible for the revolt. The growth of the ill-feeling probably started in December 1954, when the Government began its campaign to weaken the power of the Church in Argentina. After various moves, including withdrawal of subsidies for education and suppression of a Catholic newspaper, a group of deputies on May 5 moved to amend the constitution and disestablish the Church. This was passed within fifteen days and led to many demonstrations and dismissals. On June 11, Corpus Christi, a huge crowd of Roman Catholics filled the Plaza de Mayo in front of the Cathedral; and later many marched through the streets to plant the papal flag on the Senate and Chamber of Deputies.

[Continued above, right]



DURING THE FIGHTING IN BUENOS AIRES ON JUNE 16 : AN ARMOURED CAR AND A TANK PATROLLING A PLAZA. OVER 300 PEOPLE WERE REPORTED KILLED. (Photo by radio.)



DURING THE BOMBING OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE : PASSERS-BY TAKING COVER AGAINST FLYING METAL AND MASONRY FROM THE BOMBED BUILDING. (Photo by radio.)



(ABOVE.) OUTSIDE GOVERNMENT HOUSE : A MASS OF RUBBLE AND MASONRY BROUGHT DOWN BY THE BOMBS OF THE TWO AERIAL ATTACKS ON THE BUILDING ON JUNE 16. (Photo by radio.)



(ABOVE.) DURING THE FIERCE FIGHTING BETWEEN GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND THE REBELS IN THE MINISTRY OF MARINE. ON THE LEFT, THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE. (Photo by radio.)

Continued.
and there was some window-smashing. On the following day there was some rioting by an anti-clerical crowd. On June 14 the Government "dismissed" two bishops, Mgr. Tato and Mgr. Novoa ; and on June 15 these two left Buenos Aires by air for Rome. On June 16 the Vatican excommunicated all those involved in "recent crimes" against the rights of the Roman [Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.) GOVERNMENT HOUSE OR CASA ROSADA, THE PRESIDENTIAL OFFICES ON THE PLAZA DE MAYO, THE TARGET OF THE AERIAL ATTACK OF JUNE 16.



Continued.
Church in Argentina ; and the same day there were the two air-raids on Government House and a machine-gun battle between Government House and the Ministry of Marine, where the insurgents had their headquarters, which was later attacked with artillery by the Army. Casualties were reported to be between 200 and 350 dead and about 1000 wounded. The revolt spread to other cities, but despite many confused reports, it appeared that the revolt had been defeated and that the Army was in complete control by June 19.



AIRCRAFT OF THE ARGENTINE NAVY, WHICH WERE REPORTED TO HAVE TAKEN PART IN THE ATTACK ON BUENOS AIRES, LANDING AT MONTEVIDEO. (Photo by radio.)



AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN, MANNED BY MEN OF THE ARGENTINE ARMY, DURING THE AERIAL ATTACK BY REBEL AIRCRAFT ON GOVERNMENT HOUSE ON JUNE 16. (Photo by radio.)

THE STRIKE IN THE LINER QUEEN MARY; AND OTHER NEWS FROM LAND AND SEA.



THE UNOFFICIAL SEAMEN'S STRIKE WHICH HAS BEEN PARALYSING BRITAIN'S NORTH ATLANTIC PASSENGER SERVICE: MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE QUEEN MARY DRINKING MILK AFTER WALKING OFF THE LINER AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Six Atlantic liners at Liverpool and three at Southampton have been held up by the unofficial strike of seamen, which started on May 30. On June 18 it was stated that the Cunard Line had started proceedings in the High Court against five of the Southampton Strike Committee and forty-nine members of the Queen Mary crew.



THE CEREMONIAL OPENING OF THE FIRST L.C.C. COMPREHENSIVE SECONDARY SCHOOL, KIDBROOKE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS: COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN ADDRESSING THE PUPILS. Although its ceremonial opening by Countess Mountbatten of Burma took place on June 15, the first L.C.C. Comprehensive Secondary School, Kidbrooke School for Girls, has been at work for nine months. It has 1650 pupils, and a teaching staff of some 90, with Miss M. G. Green as headmistress.



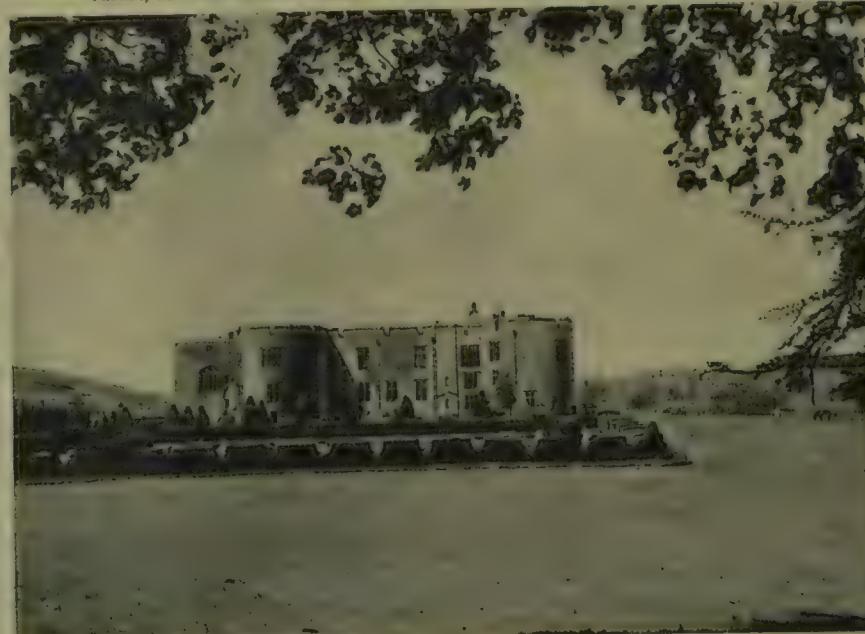
MAJOR-GENERAL G. P. D. BLACKER (RIGHT CENTRE), THE NEWLY-APPOINTED DIRECTOR, MOBILE DEFENCE CORPS, WAR OFFICE, INSPECTING TRAINEES OF THE NEW CORPS. A training centre has been established at Epsom for the new Army Mobile Defence Corps, which will eventually have an establishment of forty-eight battalions, furnished mainly by the Army and the Royal Air Force. They will form Civil Defence's "Second Echelon."



AFTER BEING STARTED BY PRINCESS MARGARET: COMPETITORS IN THE ANNUAL POLYTECHNIC HARRIERS' MARATHON RACE FROM WINDSOR CASTLE TO CHISWICK

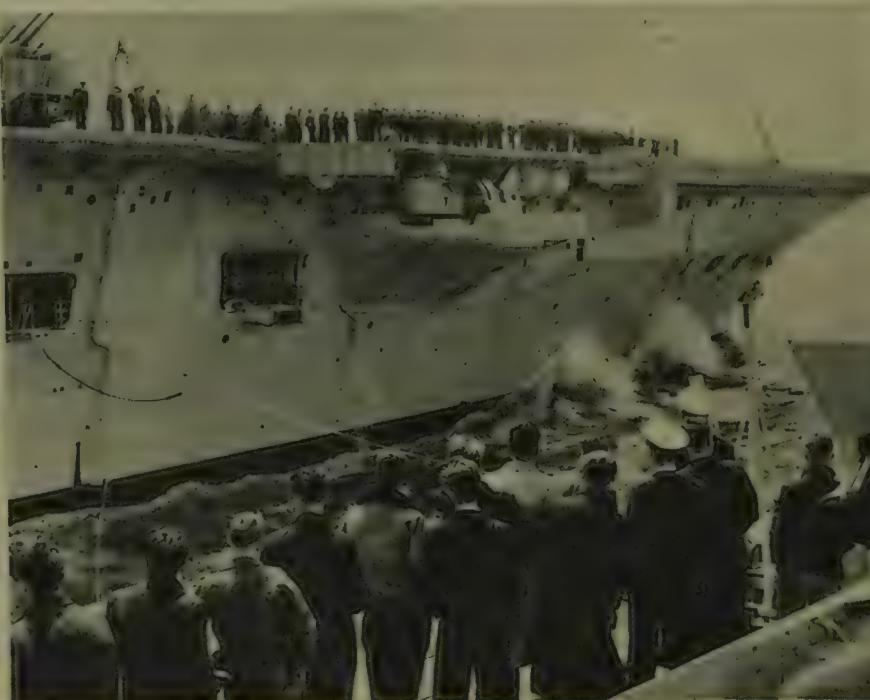
ON JUNE 18.

Princess Margaret started the athletes on their 26-mile run to Chiswick from Windsor Castle on June 18 in the Polytechnic Harriers' marathon race. The race was won by Sergeant McMinnis, of the R.A.F., in 2 hrs. 26 mins. 22 secs., which makes him third fastest British marathon runner.



A HISTORIC WELSH CASTLE WHICH HAS RECEIVED A SECOND GRANT FOR REPAIRS FROM THE MINISTRY OF WORKS: CHIRK CASTLE, ORIGINALLY BUILT BY ROGER MORTIMER.

Chirk Castle, Denbighshire, dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century, and the original structure, built by Roger Mortimer, is largely unchanged. It is the seat of Lieut.-Colonel Ririd Myddleton, in whose family it has remained since it was purchased by Sir Thomas Myddleton in 1595.



THE NAVY'S OPERATION "SHOP WINDOW": SCHOOLBOYS IN THE FRIGATE GRENVILLE WATCHING THE PASSING OF A LINE TO THE CARRIER, H.M.S. CENTAUR.

During the third week of June the Royal Navy began a series of demonstrations (called "Shop Window") by ships and aircraft for the benefit of Staff College members, M.P.s and others concerned in defence.

Among ships taking part were the carrier *Centaur*, the frigate *Grenville* and the submarine *Tapir*.



WHERE PLAYERS FROM THIRTY-FOUR NATIONS ARE COMPETING FOR THE WORLD'S MOST COVETED LAWN TENNIS TITLES:
THE ALL ENGLAND CLUB, WIMBLEDON, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

All over the world the word "Wimbledon" is synonymous with lawn tennis, and the Wimbledon fortnight is one of the most eagerly awaited sporting events of the year. It has a unique appeal in that it is followed by thousands of people who, during the rest of the year, have no particular interest in the game. During the twelve afternoons and evenings of play some tens of thousands of ticket-holders, and thousands of others who hope to be able to buy a ticket at the gates, make their way to the All England Club. Even larger audiences follow the play on

television screens or listen to the radio commentaries. This year visitors will find that improvements to the Centre Court include a new roof; new and more comfortable backs to each of the 11,000 seats, and an open-air balcony for distinguished visitors. No. 1 Court has 1000 additional seats, making a total of 5000. This photograph shows the scene from the air on June 20, the opening day of the Championships. Photographs of the sixteen seeded men and women players appeared in our last issue, dated June 18.

INLAND NAVIGATION IN SOUTHERN WATERWAYS.

"THE CANALS OF SOUTHERN ENGLAND"; By CHARLES HADFIELD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. CHARLES HADFIELD has already published a standard work called "British Canals," an illustrated history which gave an account of canals and navigable rivers (largely navigable through locks, and to that extent canalised) in Britain. He now concentrates on the Canals of Southern England. "Here is the story," say the publishers, "of each, illustrated and mapped, based almost entirely upon unpublished material from the records of the old companies. From the minute books of each concern Charles Hadfield has extracted many facts and distilled

with Telford, in 1825, and though it has not been carried out, owing to want of precedent for so great an enterprise, it is considered to offer very good prospects for commercial success." A few canals on that scale would have turned England into an archipelago. Imaginative as it is, it could hardly have had the appeal to investors of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is one thing to save the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn; another to save that round Land's End from the Bristol Channel to the English.

There Mr. Hadfield quotes somebody's estimate as to the quantity of goods which would have been carried by a canal which was never constructed. For the existing canals he gives the figures which were actually reached. Some of the details are fascinating. Take for interest the tiny Liskeard and Looe Union Canal. By 1856 it was carrying 48,000 tons, mostly of coal, copper ore, limestone and granite. That was the limit of its carrying capacity. So next year the directors asked the shareholders to finance an auxiliary railway. Here it wasn't a question of Railway Directors strangling a Canal, but of Canal Directors building a railway. The railway was built; but the new shares never produced the dividends of the old.

The railway companies, says Mr. Hadfield, sought to buy up canals for three reasons: "because they could not get their Bills without coming to an arrangement with their principal opponents; because they were

actual or potential competitors; or because they wanted to use the line of the canal for a railway." Thus do changes come. Some day people may begin to wonder, now that we have motor-lorries which can carry as much as any railway wagon, whether it wouldn't be a good idea to turn some at least of the railways into roads. What good roads they would make—hardly any gradients, dead straight, no cross-roads and, if it were thought desirable to ordain it, no pedestrians or bicycles. And, for that matter, a main road is not nearly so vulnerable to the consequences of strike action.

And the canals to-day? Recently, during the strike on the British Railways, the public and the



THE THAMES AND SEVERN CANAL AT THAMES HEAD, SHOWING THE BRIDGE CARRYING THE FOSSE WAY, THE WHARF HOUSE, AND THE ORIGINAL WINDMILL USED TO PUMP WATER INTO THE SUMMIT LEVEL.

Reproduced by permission of the Gloucestershire Record Office.

them into something which has the flavour of drama and romance, and which may well make us admire a new aspect of the work of our fathers."

Well, I suppose that there is an element of "drama and romance" in any pioneering work, because there is an element of imagination, adventure, gamble and risk. I don't know if there exists a record of the first meeting between the flying enthusiast Charles Rolls and the engineer Mr. Royce. But between them they produced engines which were the parents of car and aeroplane engines unexcelled in the world, and, in retrospect, their first encounter could be made thrilling by the more journalistic sort of historian. But Mr. Hadfield does not go in for that sort of "drama and romance." He assembles an enormous amount of material about the development of various forms in general, and each separate canal in particular, and leaves the reader who has digested his facts to evolve his own romantic visions.

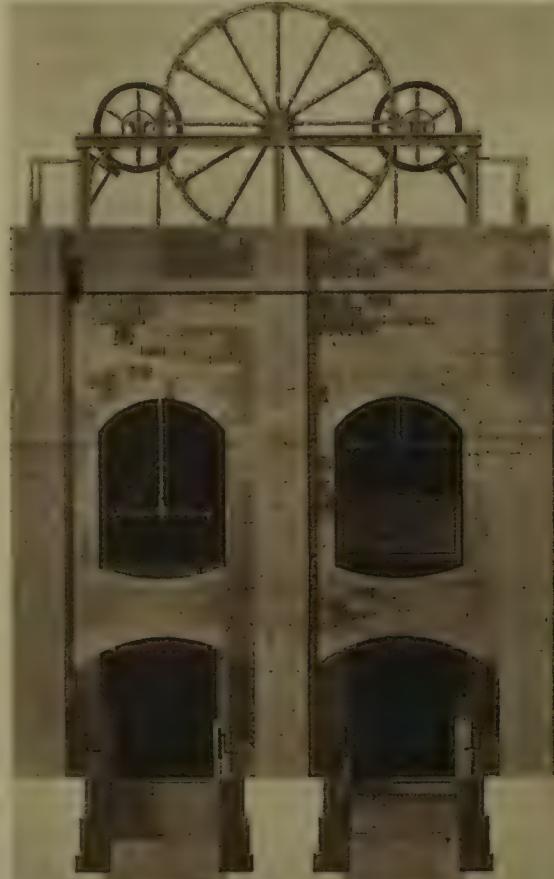
Had the railways arrived a generation later it is impossible to conceive how enormous a network the "canal mania" would have created. Even long after the boom visionaries were conceiving vast projects. Mr. Hadfield gives an extract from a North Devon newspaper of 1870. "The Proposed Great Western Maritime Ship Canal" it is headed, and goes on: "Mr. F. A. Owen, the promoter of this enterprise, is a sort of English de Lesseps. He believes his scheme will be ultimately accomplished. The *Mining Journal* says: 'The Great Western Maritime Ship Canal is now attracting considerable attention, and the capital required to construct it (£3,500,000) will no doubt soon be asked for from the public. The success of the Suez Canal has given increased confidence to the promoters in the practicability of their proposition. The construction of the canal would do much to open up a much enlarged market for South Wales coal in all the counties south of the line of the Thames, and would diminish the distance between the South Wales coal-field and the various French ports, avoiding, at the same time, the principal difficulties of the voyage.' The Canal, as stated in the *Mining Journal* of November 27, 1869, is to be 59 miles long and 21 ft. deep; the width being at the bottom 31 ft., and gradually increasing to four times that width at surface. It will extend from Bridgwater Bay in the Bristol Channel to Exmouth on the south coast of Devonshire, and it is estimated that from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 tons of coal would be taken through annually, and a harbour of refuge is to be established in connection with it. The project originated

are even built over. It seems very wasteful from a commercial point of view, not merely in times of emergency, when it is positively dangerous to have all our eggs in one basket and that basket under the control of a small confederacy of "key-men." And they could be used far more than they are for purposes of holiday recreation, including the observation of wild life.

I speak as one who tried it, shortly before the war: up the Cherwell and the Oxford Canal from Oxford to Warwick, down the Avon and then, after a short overland transport, down the Thames, from Cricklade.

MR. CHARLES HADFIELD, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

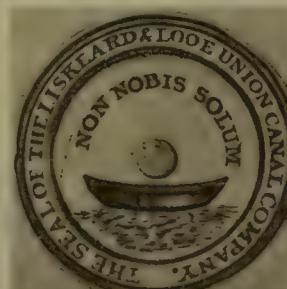
Mr. Charles Hadfield, who has been Controller (Overseas), Central Office of Information, since 1948, was educated at Blundell's and St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. He was co-founder of the Inland Waterways Association, 1946. He has written a number of books, including: "English Rivers and Canals" (with J. E. MacColl); "British Canals" and various children's books. He is now working on a study of the waterways of the Midlands and Wales.



VIEWED FROM THE END: THE LIFTS ON THE GRAND WESTERN CANAL.



NO. 1. SALISBURY AND SOUTHAMPTON CANAL.



NO. 2. LISKEARD AND LOOE UNION CANAL.



NO. 3. THAMES COMMISSIONERS.



NO. 4. CROYDON CANAL.

SOME CANAL AND RIVER SEALS.
No. 1 reproduced by permission of the Tudor House Museum, Southampton; No. 2 by permission of British Railways; No. 3 by permission of the Port of London Authority; and No. 4 by permission of the Croydon Public Library. Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Canals of Southern England"; by courtesy of the publisher, Phoenix House, Ltd.

newspapers awoke (temporarily, I fear) to the existence of an alternative system of transport, on which many millions and much ingenuity had been spent, which flourished briefly, then found itself faced with a rival system whose controllers gradually bought it up and largely suppressed it. To-day some canals are used, some are usable but not used, some are choked, some

It was all delightful, but the Canal was a peculiar pleasure, for it took one into such remote places; places, sometimes, which seemed far away from roads, and more secluded than anything which can be seen from a road. Now and then a barge was encountered. Though the Canal was still in use the lock-keepers had gone, and we had to open and close the gates with a winch borrowed from Head Office. Now and then a nameless hamlet was seen across the fields: nothing easier than to moor the "frail bark," walk across the fields to it, discover its name, and inspect the church and the inn. Birds and flowers abounded.

Not one boat, other than barges, was seen during the whole trip. Of course, it was May—and consequently cold, wet and windy—and in later months there may have been more traffic. But I doubt if there would have been much. Each year we see advertisements of trips by cabin-cruiser on the Dutch Canals. What's wrong with the English canals, which a man may navigate himself at small expense? I suppose that if people really began to use the canals their peace might soon be destroyed by motor-boats with the wireless blaring out. But I shall chance it when next I snatch a holiday; and with renewed interest because of the information provided by Mr. Hadfield.

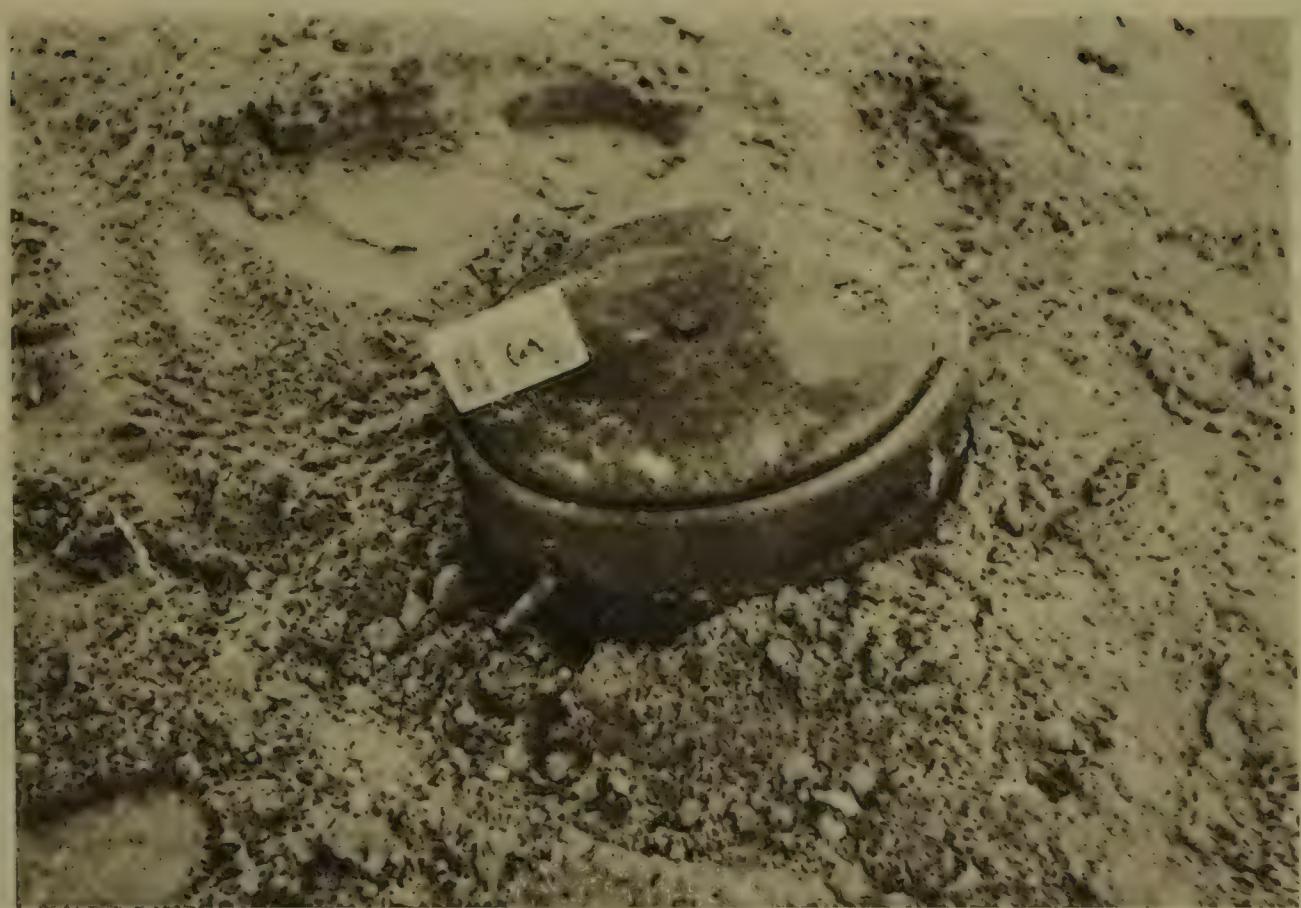
Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1162 of this issue.

A GRAVE WARNING TO PARENTS AND CHILDREN: HOW TO RECOGNISE THE DEADLY BEACH MINE.

ON May 13 five preparatory schoolboys (between eleven and thirteen) were killed by an explosion on the beach of Swanage Bay. At the inquest on June 8, another boy, who had left them just before the explosion, said they had found a rusty object, apparently made of iron, with a round top and a square base. The boys tried to lever it up and one was using a shoe-horn to try to get the top off. The explosion occurred shortly afterwards. Major A. B. Hartley, R.E., in evidence said that metal fragments recovered from around the crater were parts of a beach mine of the kind known as "B type C," a kind which had been laid on Swanage Cliffs during the war. The area

[Continued below, right.]

(RIGHT.)
DANGER! IF YOU FIND AN OBJECT LIKE
THIS ON ANY BEACH, ON NO ACCOUNT TOUCH
IT. REPORT IT TO THE POLICE. IT IS A BEACH
MINE (B TYPE C).



Continued.]
had been cleared of mines on several occasions and a certificate of clearance was issued in 1950. He said he was convinced that this particular mine had been in the sea as there were traces of marine growth on the base plugs. The Coroner said that the mine was in all probability washed ashore. As this danger exists on many beaches and may continue to do so, we feel it our duty to publish these photographs of the most common beach mine, especially as children of the age of the boys killed at Swanage do not remember the war or the post-war warning posters and consequently are unaware of the danger of such objects; and since even adults no longer remember them clearly. The mine weighs about 50 lb. and the square base is a little more than a foot square. The main T.N.T. charge weighs 22-23 lb.; and although the mine was originally fixed to explode at a pressure of 80-100 lb., with age and corrosion the mines may become much more sensitive. Anyone finding such an object (or any similar or unusual metal object) should neither move it nor touch it, but report it immediately to the police, if possible leaving a marker to indicate its position.

(LEFT.) THIS CONTAINS A HIGHLY DANGEROUS CHARGE OF 22-23 LB. T.N.T. AND IS A BEACH MINE TIPPED OVER ON TO ITS SIDE TO SHOW THE SQUARE BASE.



A BEACH MINE WITH THE TOP DETACHED (RIGHT) AND LYING UPSIDE DOWN. WITH AGE AND CORROSION THESE MINES ARE MORE SENSITIVE THAN WHEN NEW.



A BEACH MINE WITH THE WHITE OR CREAM RUBBER COVER. THESE COVERS HAVE USUALLY PERISHED, BUT FRAGMENTS MAY STILL BE CLINGING TO THE TOP.

HAVING returned from a trip abroad, I opened the pages of the *Observer* for the first time in three weeks. My eye fell on the photograph of a young American named George Sherman. He and a companion, Peter Juviler, whose portrait also appeared, were responsible for a series of articles on their travels in Russia, of which that before me was the first. I am not concerned with the article itself, which was "straight," intelligent and interesting reporting on the experience in Russia of a young man who had learnt Russian at Columbia University and was now at Oxford. It was his portrait which set me on my present line of thought. I do not think I shall be offending against taste if I use it as a peg on which to hang a commentary on some characteristics of the younger generation in the United States as compared with the generalisations made about that country abroad and perhaps especially in Britain and France.

It is an important subject, because the immediate future of the world is likely to depend to a large extent upon the policy and views of the United States, and it will not be long before this younger generation is playing its part in framing them. Its calibre, ability and imaginative power will therefore exercise a great effect on the future. This particular portrait represented a type which the old civilisations like to consider as more or less their monopoly, and the last place in which they look for it outside their own frontiers is the United States. The type they regard as representative is pleasant enough, but rather naive and going about with a mental as well as a physical crew-cut. This portrait, on the other hand, is intellectual, cultivated, refined and sensitive. And a visitor to one of the greater American universities would find these qualities reproduced again and again; as often, indeed, as at one of ours.

It is not that I do not believe in national characteristics; on the contrary, I have always found them striking. But every great nation produces a number of characteristic types, and we have not shown ourselves judicious or subtle in our examination of those of the United States. We start with the assumption that the country is still growing up. This is true in a sense. What we fail to take note of is that every year of the last decade must be multiplied several times as regards American knowledge of and interest in the outside world. All over this period has seen thousands upon thousands of Americans, most of them young, examining, learning, absorbing the culture of lands and civilisations of which their fathers knew little or nothing. They certainly are provided with opportunities such as do not come the way of our young people to the same extent, but they seize them with enthusiasm and intelligence. Here, I think, our conceptions are often astray.

When I was at Oxford I met several young graduates who had come over on historical research, adequately sponsored and recommended, of course, but owing their astonishing success in great part to their determination, enterprise and charm. In two instances at least these young men had brought off historical *coupes*. One had obtained access to valuable family papers hitherto closed; the second had achieved the equally difficult feat of discovering the views of a professional and social group, notoriously hard to penetrate, in a Continental country. Moreover, the depth of academic scholarship of what may be called an "old-fashioned" kind to be found in the best American universities is something which only those who have come in contact with their work can comprehend. Yet wide circles have lately had the opportunity of studying the Yale Bible, and now considerable interest has been stirred up by the great project of the same university of publishing a complete variorum edition of the works of Samuel Johnson. These are but examples of a side unknown to those whose vision extends only to crew-cuts.

Literature, especially fiction, and the drama, attract attention in a wider field. When we contemplate the American output in either we must hang our heads abashed. It is not only that the American work is better constructed than that which we are now producing; it is at the same time more imaginative, original and forcible. The English theatre has relied almost entirely on Irishmen for the past 300 years, and now that source is beginning to run out. Fiction has seldom fallen so low since it became a medium of literary expression. We may dislike much of the American fiction, but it possesses life and virility, whereas the majority of our own seems to be written by the ghosts of the second order of novelists of former times. This American work is evidence of a culture which we ought to envy as well as to respect.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

YOUNG AMERICA AND WORLD AFFAIRS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

It may be said that it is not by writing able, if generally morose, novels, or by editing, however thoroughly, the works of Samuel Johnson, that the United States can make a full contribution to the tasks which lie before it in the world at large. I should hesitate to agree, but I do agree that more practical considerations must also be taken into account. There, too, I find the outlook promising. I have often remarked in these pages on the intensity with which Americans—above all, those under forty years of age—have lately applied themselves to getting to grips with world problems. This is almost entirely a new

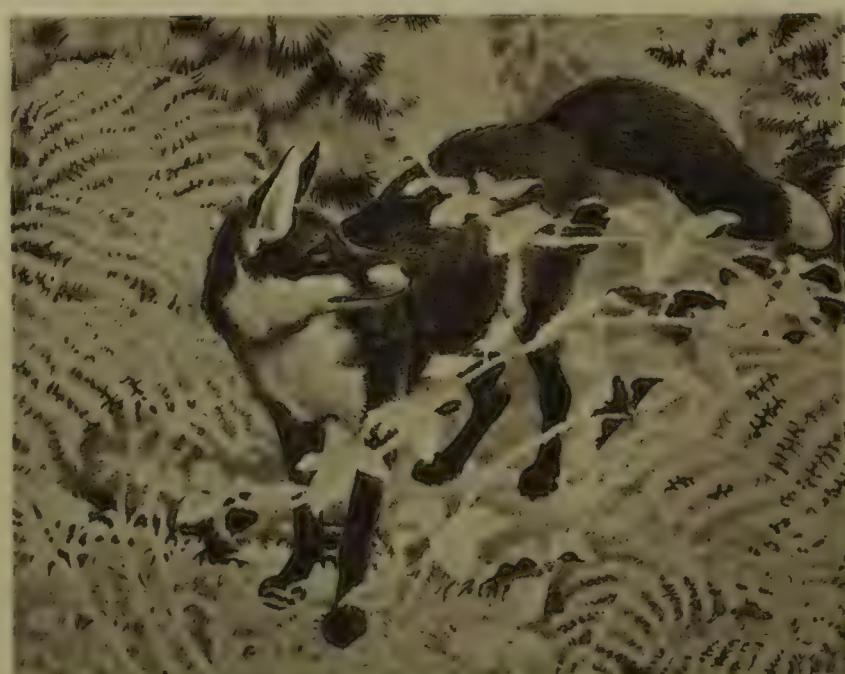


THE RUSSIAN-SPEAKING AMERICAN UNIVERSITY STUDENTS WHOSE UNOFFICIAL VISIT TO THE SOVIET UNION IS DESCRIBED IN A SERIES OF ARTICLES IN "THE OBSERVER": MR. GEORGE SHERMAN (LEFT) AND MR. PETER JUVILER (RIGHT).

The visit which Mr. George Sherman and Mr. Peter Juviler made recently to Soviet Russia forms the subject of a series of articles they are contributing to the *Observer*. Both were at the Russian Institute of Columbia University when they first applied for visas in March 1954, and their knowledge of the language allowed them to speak to private Russian citizens and talk to them as private American citizens. Mr. Sherman is now studying at Oxford. Captain Falls writes: "It was his [Mr. Sherman's] portrait which set me on my present line of thought. I do not think I shall be offending against taste if I use it as a peg on which to hang a commentary on some characteristics of the younger generation in the United States as compared with the generalisations made about the country abroad and perhaps especially in Britain and France."

Photographs by Jane Brown.

development. Before the war the great mass of the people was hardly touched by them, and even abroad only a handful made a serious effort to understand them. Now one sees it going on everywhere.



A FINE EXAMPLE OF ANIMAL PORTRAITURE BY A WELL-KNOWN BRITISH ARTIST: "FROSTY SPINNEY," BY C. F. TUNNICLIFFE, R.A.

Mr. C. F. Tunnicliffe is well known as an animal artist and his exhibition of Water-colour Drawings of Birds and Animals at Rowland Ward's, Piccadilly Galleries, contains many admirable and decorative works. It opened early this month and closes to-day, June 25. Mr. Tunnicliffe, a well-known exhibitor at the Royal Academy, was elected a Royal Academician in 1954.

This reproduction does not illustrate Captain Falls' article.

The great international organisations in which the United States plays so large a part often cause the observer to smile. They are usually top-heavy. But top-heaviness has at least the advantage that it provides education to a far greater number of Americans than would be the case were the staffs confined strictly to a size just sufficient to accomplish their work. No one can doubt the value of these organisations, but their educative side, where the Americans themselves are concerned, does not appear as clearly as the practical work which they carry out abroad. One old institution, the Diplomatic Service—also greatly

swollen—has attained an efficiency and a sympathetic understanding far superior to its pre-war standard. Press correspondents have always been enterprising, but to-day the more serious newspapers are much more thorough than of old in dealing with foreign affairs and much less apt to confine their observation to movements on the surface.

The visit abroad mentioned in the first sentence of this article was to Greece. There one sees both aspects of American foreign interests. It is the American tourists who take the deepest pleasure in the magnificent monuments of ancient Greece. They subordinate the social pleasures, which are so alluring in and about Athens, to the vestiges of the past. They find time for the social pleasures too—and why not? But on the official side the Americans are now well-grounded and efficient. When I first observed them at work five years ago I felt that they tended to be superficial and to be bewildered by the Greek mentality. I am sure this is not the case to-day. They have also carried out a strong but not a coarse or uncouth propaganda for their country, and on the whole, by Greek evidence, it has been successful.

Let us note that this process has been going on for but a short time. Striking as it has been, there is no reason to suppose that it is anything like exhausted as yet. On the contrary, we may expect to see it produce still more important results. There is no sign of the United States abandoning the sort of international work which she initiated soon after the Second World War. A wide fund of experience has returned to the country, together with those who acquired it and who must exercise an effect upon their fellow-citizens at home. Others, mostly younger men and women, are carrying on the work, benefiting from the experience and the mistakes of their predecessors and making new discoveries for themselves. Those who have dealt with them realise what has been happening, but I fancy people in general still think of Americans abroad as raw and impetuous, gathering ideas from textbooks and accepting evidence on inadequate foundations. This is an error.

For the first time since the war the prospects of future peace have improved, at all events as regards the immediate future. I am far from subscribing to all aspects of American policy over the past ten years, and where it has conflicted with ours I think it has often been wrong. Yet it has been healthy that the two mentalities should rub sparks out of each other. We hear talk of American provocation and rashness in some parts of the international field. Yet such results as have been achieved have been, by general admission, due to a policy of strength. The Americans have always been conscious that every time you truckle to militant political Communism you earn contempt and weaken yourself, to say nothing of the unfortunates within the reach of Communism's arm, who have been relying on your support. American stiffness may have created dangers at times, but without the element of American stiffness in the policy of the free nations I do not believe they would have reached their present more favourable position.

Now the growth of knowledge and experience is mingling wariness and prudence with detestation of the idea of being bluffed off the line. The vision has broadened. The unfamiliar is more easily analysed. And, as I have said, we have not yet seen the best of young America in world affairs. It is only now that it is realising its own strength and capabilities or making the most of the outstanding opportunities which lie before it. This is not sufficiently understood in our country. I myself should not have comprehended it had I not been fortunate enough to have got about the world a great deal in the past few years. Teachers at home are giving young people a good start, but it is on the spot that they are learning more than their teachers know about the details, often important, which lie beneath the past and the present as taught in the class-room.

It was we who played this rôle in the past. There are still some spheres in which we probably play it better than the Americans, but we shall have to

exert ourselves if we are going to retain these. They are very active and enterprising. The fascination of the business has seized upon them. The interests of their country have brought them to regions previously unknown to their countrymen. And, be it noted, these interests are by no means always those of American security or defence pacts. Often enough they are pure charity: the relief of hunger, the care of homeless refugees and the health and education of their children. I have watched all this happening, and it has struck me as one of the most remarkable features of the post-war world.

NEWS IN PICTURES FROM
THREE CONTINENTS.

SIR JOHN NICOLL (LEFT), THE RETIRING GOVERNOR, RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF SINGAPORE.

Sir John Nicoll, the retiring Governor, left Singapore on June 2, and on May 29 he received the Freedom of the City at a ceremony in which the President of the City Council, Mr. T. P. F. McNicoll (right), handed him the scroll in a silver casket.



WHERE THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE WERE TO WORSHIP

TO-MORROW: THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN OSLO.

The visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to Norway was timed to begin with their arrival in the Royal yacht at Oslo on June 24 and end on June 26. During the last day they were to attend a service at St. Edmund's, the English church.

OCCASIONS ROYAL, DIPLOMATIC
AND CEREMONIAL.

THE ARRIVAL OF DR. ADENAUER (RIGHT) AT WASHINGTON, WHERE

HE WAS MET BY MR. HERBERT HOOVER, JNR. (LEFT).

On June 13, the German Federal Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, arrived at Washington for an American visit, which was to include discussions with the President and Mr. Dulles, and a visit to Harvard University. On his return, via London, on June 19, he was expected to see Sir Anthony Eden.



KING BAUDOUIN'S RETURN FROM HIS FOUR-WEEK STATE VISIT TO THE CONGO. HIS MAJESTY STANDING AT THE SALUTE AS THE BELGIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM IS PLAYED AT THE AIRPORT.

King Baudouin of the Belgians returned to Brussels on June 12, after his four-week State visit to the Congo, and was given one of the most enthusiastic receptions ever known in Brussels. Our photograph shows him after leaving his aircraft at the airport, where he was met by members of the Government and diplomatic representatives.



AFTER LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW CANADIAN CHANCERY AT THE HAGUE

ON JUNE 14: PRINCESS MARGRIET OF THE NETHERLANDS.

Princess Margriet of the Netherlands, who was born in Ottawa in 1943, laid the corner-stone of the new Chancery of the Canadian Embassy at The Hague. She was received by H.E. the Canadian Ambassador, and after accepting a message of greeting from the Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs, she signed it, and placed it in a container which is being built into the foundations.



AT THE PARIS AIR SHOW: PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS TALKING TO OFFICIALS AT THE VICKERS-ARMSTRONG STAND.

It was announced on June 14 that K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines had ordered nine Vickers Viscount propeller-turbine airliners. It is the first time that K.L.M. have placed a substantial order with the British aircraft industry. Our photograph shows Prince Bernhard talking to officials of Vickers-Armstrong, the makers of the aircraft.



THE PRIME MINISTER OF SOUTH VIET-NAM TASTING NATIVE WINE DURING A RECENT

VISIT TO A MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICT OF THE COUNTRY.

On June 16 a council of the Imperial family, meeting at Hue, in Central Viet Nam, formally disowned the absentee Emperor Bao Dai, deprived him of membership of the Imperial family, and proposed the nomination of the Prime Minister, Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem, as "President of the Republic."

THE ASCENT OF A "TOWER OF BABEL":
UNCOVERING THE STAIR OF TCHOGA-ZANBIL.



FIG. 1. A "TOWER OF BABEL" EXCAVATED: THE SOUTH-WEST FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT OF TCHOGA-ZANBIL, DIVIDED BY THE NEWLY-REVEALED STAIRWAY, WHICH REACHES UP TO THE THIRD STAGE.



FIG. 2. LOOKING DOWN FROM THE UPPER PART OF THE SOUTH-WEST FACE ON THE STAIRWAY AND LANDINGS; AND THE FORECOURT, WITH ITS CIRCULAR PEDESTAL. THE STAIRWAY TURNS AT THIS LEVEL.



FIG. 3. THE TOP OF THE ZIGGURAT AS IT IS AT PRESENT—LESS THAN HALF THE ORIGINAL HEIGHT OF ABOUT 175 FT. ABOVE THE PLAIN. THIS SHOWS THE SOUTH-EAST SIDE, WHERE THE STAIRWAY WOULD HAVE CONTINUED THE ASCENT.



FIG. 4. THE SOUTHERN CORNER OF THE ZIGGURAT OF TCHOGA-ZANBIL, NEAR THE PRESENT-DAY SUMMIT—TO SHOW THE ELABORATE BRICKWORK TERRACING.



FIG. 6. A SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER, FOUND IN THE SOUTH-EAST FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT, AT THE SECOND STAGE. IT WAS EMPTY AND HAS A PAVED FLOOR.



FIG. 5. ONE OF THE ANIMAL FIGURES FOUND IN FRAGMENTS IN FRONT OF THE GATES OF THE ZIGGURAT. IT BEARS AN ELAMITE INSCRIPTION.

The ziggurat of King Untash-Huban at Tchoga-Zanbil, about 18½ miles south-east of Susa, has been the subject of excavations by the French Archaeological Mission in Persia under Dr. R. Ghirshman for some years, and previous accounts of the work have appeared in our issues of December 6, 1952, August 8, 1953, and July 3, 1954. Concerning last season's work, Dr. Ghirshman writes:

READERS of *The Illustrated London News* know the work which the French Archaeological Mission in Persia is carrying out at Tchoga-Zanbil in ancient Susiana or Khuzistan, in South-West Persia. For four years the mission has been engaged in excavating an imposing ziggurat or "Tower of Babel," an artificial sacred mountain originally about 174 ft. (53 metres) high (of which about 82 ft. [25 metres] now remains) and crowned with a temple, the "dwelling-place" of the principal deity of the Elamite pantheon. The importance of the work done during the winter of 1954-55 rests in the fact that exact information has been uncovered by the mission on the way the priests ascended to the summit of the tower. This question, which has often been debated by the experts, was formerly in the realm of hypothesis, since no other ziggurat in Mesopotamia, known and studied, has virtually anything left above its first stage. It is the south-west face of the tower of Tchoga-Zanbil which is divided by a staircase leading to the temple above; and Fig. 1 shows this face as it appeared after four months' work. An important stage was reached when the only arch which has been preserved was discovered; and this arch, the entrance and the partly restored stair can be seen in Fig. 8. Here the three workmen seen were placed on the three landings which break the steepness of the ascent, while the arrows show the position of the original arches, which no longer exist. This stairway, incidentally, was used by a chain of

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 7. THE SOUTH-WEST ENTRANCE OF THE ZIGGURAT, SHOWING THE STAIRWAY; AND, IN THE FORECOURT, A PARTLY RESTORED CIRCULAR PEDESTAL OF UNKNOWN INTENTION.



FIG. 9. THE FIRST LANDING OF THE STAIR, WHICH CONTINUES UPWARDS TO THE LEFT. TOP LEFT, A SMALL CHAPEL BUILT ON THE SECOND STAGE OF THE ZIGGURAT.

Continued
off over the landings. The first of these landings is visible in Fig. 9, which shows the arch of Fig. 7 to the right, the continuation of the stair to the left and, opposite, a little chapel built on the surface of the second stage of the ziggurat. A higher landing, with a turn of the stair, is seen in Fig. 2. The surface of the ziggurat, very much eroded by weathering, has been patiently excavated, brick by brick. Fig. 4 shows the shape of a hollow following the subsidence of the southern corner, while Fig. 3 shows the hollow which divides the top of the south-east face at the point where, considerably higher, the stairway of the upper stages would have been. Like the other faces, this south-east face of the tower contains, within the thickness of the second stage, subterranean chambers, vaulted and equipped with

THE ZIGGURAT OF KING UNTASH-HUBAN : AN ELAMITE TEMPLE TO INSHUSHINAK.



FIG. 8. THE SOUTH-WEST FACE, SHOWING THE ASCENT AS FAR AS THE THIRD STAGE. THE WORKMEN ARE ON THE SUCCESSIVE LANDINGS, AND THE ORIGINAL ARCHES ARE DRAWN IN AFTER THE FASHION OF THE SURVIVING ARCH (FIG. 10).

Continued
workmen to carry bricks up to the summit of the ziggurat, to be used in the work of consolidation. In Fig. 7 can be seen the whole of the ascent from the forecourt up to the height of the third stage of the ziggurat, a height of about $65\frac{1}{2}$ ft. (20 metres). Below, in the forecourt, rises a round pedestal, about 13 ft. (4 metres) in diameter, flanked with niches, one of which we restored, as can be seen. We do not know the purpose of this pedestal; the Elamite text on its inscribed bricks is still undecipherable, except in so far as it indicates that the monument was dedicated to the gods Huban and Inshushinak, the principal deities of the Elamite pantheon. It is possible and credible that the pedestal was related to the now-vanished temple on the summit, since the inscribed bricks found on the slopes of the ziggurat tell us that the sanctuary was also dedicated to the same deities.

Fig. 10 shows the detail of the only arch of the stair which has been preserved intact, and its discovery gives some idea of the high level of technique of the Elamite architects nearly 3500 years ago. The arches did not entirely cover the stair, but were only over the steps, breaking

Continued below, left.



FIG. 10. DETAIL OF THE ONLY SURVIVING ARCH OF THE STAIR: TO SHOW ITS SIZE, AND THE TECHNIQUE OF THE ELAMITE ARCHITECTS.

a stair. Those which were discovered this year (Fig. 6) were empty and had paved floors. Their use still escapes us. The west corner of the first stage of the ziggurat has just been excavated. We found it demolished and excavated by seekers after the foundation deposit, who may well have been the Assyrian soldiers of Assurbanipal, who sacked the town about 640 B.C. Before each of the three gates of the ziggurat which have actually been excavated, lay animals in painted terracotta, broken into many fragments. All carried on their backs long inscriptions in Elamite. In Fig. 5 can be seen one of these animals, patiently reconstructed by Mme. Ghirshman. King Untash-Huban, the builder of the ziggurat, had dedicated it to the great Elamite god, Inshushinak.

MATTERS MARITIME: THE WINNER OF A BARGE RACE, NEW SHIPS, AND TWO OFFICIAL VISITS.



WINNER OF THE THAMES SAILING-BARGE RACE: *SIRDAR*, OWNED BY THE LONDON AND ROCHESTER TRADING COMPANY.

Sirdar, the oldest barge on the river, belonging to the London and Rochester Trading Company, won the Thames Sailing-Barge Race on June 15. Only six barges entered this year, and fifty-seven-year-old *Sirdar* defeated the fifty-three-year-old *Sara*.



LEAVING THE FITTING-OUT BASIN ON CLYDEBANK FOR HER PROVING TRIALS: THE NEW CUNARD LINER *IVERNIA*, WITH HER LEADING TUG.

The passenger liner *Ivernia*, second in the series of four vessels, each of 22,000 tons gross, constructed or under construction by John Brown (Clydebank) Ltd., for the Liverpool-Montreal service of the Cunard Steamship Company, left the Clyde on June 13 for the start of her proving trials.



A FRENCH WARSHIP PAYS A VISIT TO LONDON: THE DESTROYER *SURCOUF*, ON HER ARRIVAL AT GREENWICH FOR A FOUR-DAY VISIT.

The new French destroyer *Surcouf* (2750 tons) arrived at Greenwich on June 14 for a four-day visit to London. She has a company of 20 officers and over 300 ratings. The destroyer, one of a class of seventeen rated as *Escorteurs Rapides*, was completed in November 1953.



IN SWEDEN FOR A WEEK'S OFFICIAL VISIT: THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *BULWARK* AT ANCHOR IN STOCKHOLM HARBOUR.

A British naval squadron, under Admiral Sir Michael Denny, C.-in-C. Home Fleet, arrived at Stockholm on June 14 for a week's official visit. The squadron consisted of H.M.S. *Tyne*; the aircraft-carrier *Bulwark*; the fast minelayer *Apollo*; the frigates *Undine* and *Urania*; the submarine *Artemis*, and the tanker *Olma*.



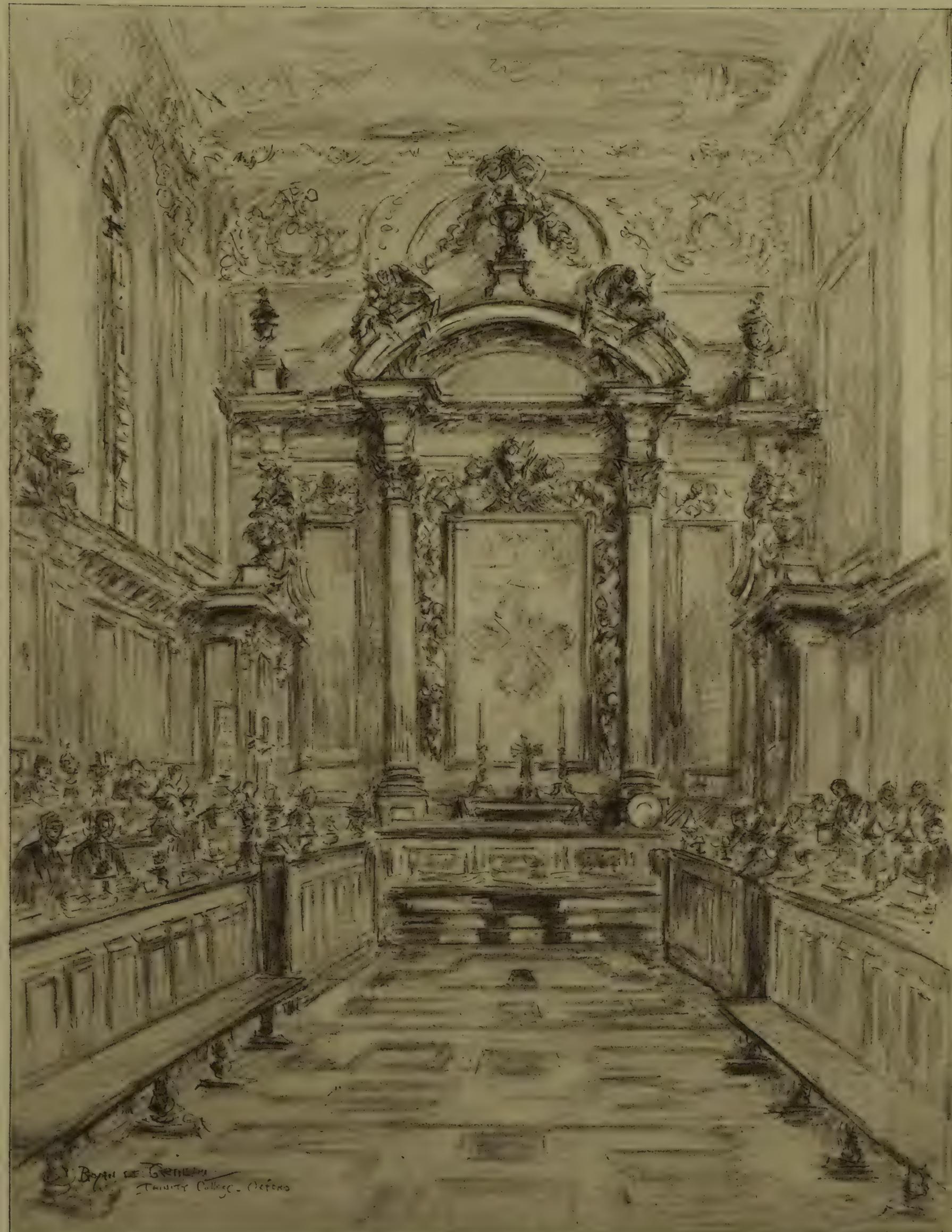
THE FIRST OF TWENTY TRAWLERS ORDERED BY RUSSIA: *PIONEER* ENTERING THE WATER AFTER BEING LAUNCHED AT LOWESTOFT.

Pioneer, the first of twenty trawlers ordered by Russia under a £6,000,000 contract, was launched on June 15 from the South Shipyard of Brooke Marine Ltd., at Lowestoft, Suffolk, by Madame Sofia Sergeevna Soloviev, wife of a member of the Soviet Trade Delegation.



READY FOR HER LAUNCHING BY THE QUEEN: THE NEW CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER *EMPEROR OF BRITAIN* AT FAIRFIELD SHIPBUILDING YARD, ON THE CLYDE.

During her visit to Glasgow, planned for June 22, her Majesty the Queen arranged to launch the new Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Britain*, from Fairfield shipbuilding yard at Govan. The new ship (22,500 tons) will carry 150 first-class passengers and 900 tourist-class passengers.



1555 TO 1955 : TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD, SHOWING ITS CHIEF ARCHITECTURAL GLORY—THE CHAPEL.

The 400th anniversary of the foundation of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1555, is being marked by special celebrations arranged for to-day, Saturday, June 25. In our last issue, dated June 18, we reproduced a number of drawings of St. John's College, which is also celebrating its quatercentenary this year. Both colleges are combining to mark the occasion with a programme of events to-day which includes a service in the University Church of St. Mary the Virgin; parties in St. John's and Trinity Gardens (which are being linked by a bridge); music in St. John's Gardens, and, after buffet supper in college, a firework display in Trinity Gardens.

The Chapel of Trinity College, a view of the interior of which is shown on this page, is as fine a work of art of its own period as can be found anywhere in Oxford, or elsewhere. It was the last great work of President Bathurst (1664-1704), and the main architect was almost certainly Henry Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, who sought the advice of Sir Christopher Wren. The Chapel is of excellent proportions, and is adorned by magnificent wood-carving said to be the work of Grinling Gibbons. Except for the addition of an organ and modern glass windows the Chapel stands to-day as it did when it was consecrated.



THE HEART OF TRINITY COLLEGE: CHAPEL OR DURHAM QUADRANGLE SHOWING THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL AND (LEFT) THE OLD LIBRARY, WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY PART OF DURHAM COLLEGE.

The College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity in the University of Oxford, commonly known as Trinity College, was founded by Sir Thomas Pope in 1555, but the history of learning in this place goes back for almost another 300 years. As early as 1266 the land on which Trinity College stands had been granted to the monks of the great Benedictine House at Durham, and an endowment was obtained from the late Hardican Bishop of Durham in 1381, from which date the establishment consisted of a warden, eight monks, and eight servient students. It was dissolved in 1540, during the reign of Henry VIII. In 1555 Sir Thomas Pope, a Roman Catholic and a lawyer, bought the buildings and land for his new

college. The old buildings of Durham College were thus the centre of the new foundation when it began, and remain at its heart to-day. Part of the ancient college, which still preserves as closely as any part its original appearance, can be seen in the above drawing of the old Library. The attics, with their Jacobean cocklofts, were added in 1602, but apart from these and the removal of the tracery from the fine four windows, the façade remains unaltered from the building in 1417-20. It has four east-facing, extremely stained-glass windows depicting a series of Saints and Evangelists, with a number of coats-of-arms of northern families. The fine exterior of the chapel can also be seen in this drawing. The

four statues on the top of the tower, conjectured to be work of Caius Gheber, depict Theology, Geometry, Astronomy and Medicine. The last-named is a copy, and the original stands in the President's garden. The Chapel contains a fine tomb of the founder, adorned with effigies of him and his third wife. During the seventeenth century the College was almost entirely rebuilt under two Presidents, Dr. Edward Pococke—Ralph Bathurst (1659-60) and Ralph Bathurst, whose term of office dates from 1660-1704. Having transformed and embellished his college, Dr. Bathurst died in the fortieth year of his Presidency, and a pleasing, though probably apocryphal story, describes his pleasure at

observing the desolate state of Balliol College next door. The story says that "he was found one afternoon in the garden, which then ran almost continuous to the east side of Balliol College, throwing stones at the windows with much satisfaction." Four hundred years have now passed since the founder drew up his charter for the dissolved monasteries, and in 1955 more than 1,000 students are attending the post-graduate courses, when numbers rose to nearly 300. To-day, the number in residence is generally about 200, of whom 180 are reading for Honour's Degrees and the rest engaged in research: it is usual for all undergraduates to spend two years in college.



IN THE GARDEN: A GAME OF BOWLS IN PROGRESS ON THE LAWN STRETCHING TOWARDS THE GARDEN QUADRANGLE AND THE WEST RANGE.



AT TRINITY COLLEGE: DINNER IN THE HALL, WHICH WAS REBUILT IN 1618-20. THE INTERIOR HAS KEPT ITS PRESENT FORM SINCE ABOUT 1774.

AT AN OXFORD COLLEGE WHICH IS CELEBRATING ITS QUATERCENTENARY: THE GARDEN; AND THE HALL, OF TRINITY.

The Fellows and undergraduates of Trinity College continued to use the refectory of Durham College until an over-zealous excavation of cellars caused its collapse in 1618. The present Hall was then erected by President Kettell. The interior dates from about 1774, and has kept its present form since that date. There is an interesting collection of portraits of former members of the college and, in a niche over the entrance to the Hall, a statue of the founder, presented by E. Bathurst in 1665. This statue is now, however, in such a bad condition, that it is being replaced by a new effigy by Mark Batten. The original grove attached to Durham College was twice as large as the garden of Trinity to-day, but after

the surrender to the Crown of 1546, a half-part of the garden was granted (with St. Bernard's College) to the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, and in due course was conveyed by them to the Founder of St. John's. In the eighteenth century the lovely Lime Walk was planted, possibly at the instance of the celebrated horticulturist John Evelyn, but only a very few of the original trees now remain. Bowls are played on the stretch of lawn to the east of the Wren building. At the east end of the garden is the splendid monumental grille. Despite a legend that this "gate" was never to be opened until the true (i.e., Jacobite) king came into his own, it is, in fact, made in one piece and is purely decorative.

WATER-TANK TESTS OF THE BRITANNIA AIRLINER: THE MEANS AND METHOD.

UNDER new regulations which came into being following the *Comet* investigation, pressurised civil aircraft have to be submitted to water-tank tests to determine their safe metal-fatigue "life"; and our photographs show the new Bristol *Britannia* turbo-prop airliner undergoing this test at Farnborough. In this test an air-frame, virtually complete except for the tailplane, is contained in a metal tank which holds some 300,000 gallons of water. The testing is carried out in a continuous series of three-minute cycles. When a cycle begins, the water pressure is the same both inside and outside the fuselage, to simulate sea-level conditions. Then the aircraft, as it were, "takes off" and "climbs" and the hydraulic jacks begin to flex the wings, but the pressure for a while remains constant. Then, to represent the operation of the pressurisation system, more water is pumped into the fuselage. Finally, this series is reversed to simulate descent and landing. This test is continued for the equivalent of 20,000 flying hours.



TESTING THE BRITANNIA FOR METAL FATIGUE IN THE WATER-TANK AT FARNBOROUGH. AN AERIAL VIEW, SHOWING (LEFT) THE AIR FRAME BEING GOT READY IN THE TANK. RIGHT FOREGROUND, WATER SUPPLY TANK.



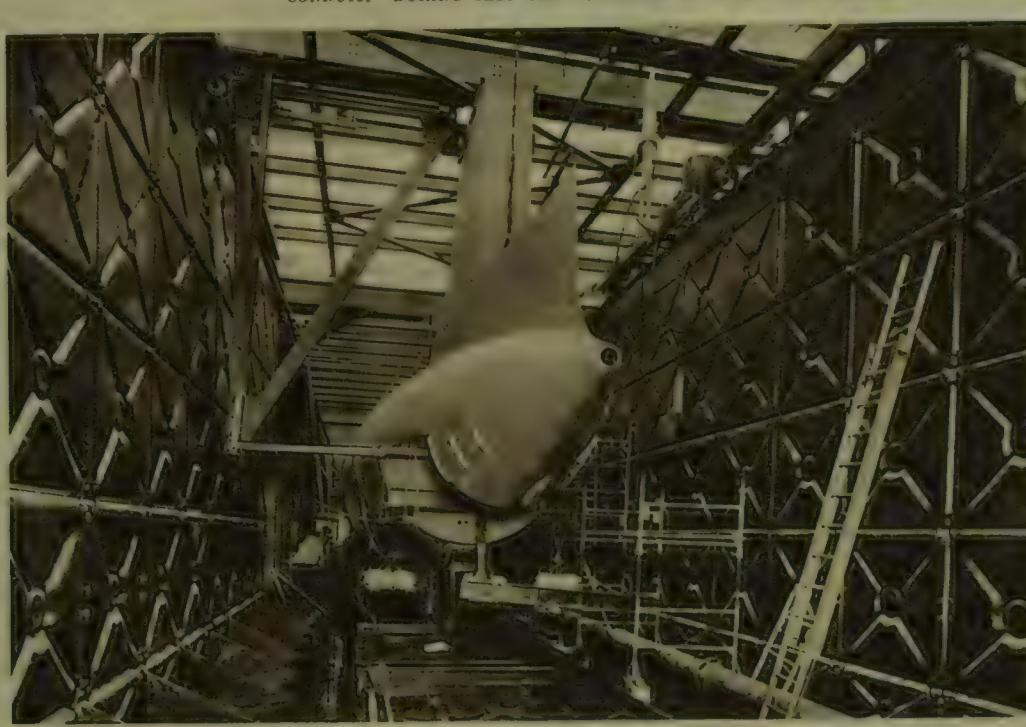
THE PORT WING EMERGING FROM THE TANK AND RIGGED FOR THE TESTS, WITH HYDRAULIC JACKS FITTED TO FLEX THE WING IN SIMULATION OF FLIGHT.



INSIDE THE FUSELAGE OF THE AIRCRAFT BEING TESTED, SHOWING BALLAST AND WATER CONDUIT. DURING TEST THE FUSELAGE IS FILLED WITH WATER.



THE RUBBER BAG SEAL FITTED AROUND THE WING WHERE IT PROTRUDES FROM THE WATER TANK IN WHICH THE FUSELAGE IS BEING TESTED.



INSIDE THE WATER-TESTING TANK, WHICH CONTAINS THE ENTIRE FUSELAGE OF THE BRITANNIA. THE TAIL PLANE IS REMOVED, WHILE THE WINGS PROTRUDE THROUGH THE SIDES.



PHILIP OF MACEDON'S VICTORIOUS CAVALRY AMID THE GREEK DEAD: SPANISH EXTRAS AND HORSES IN THE BATTLE OF CHERONEA, FILMED UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE GUADARRAMA SIERRA, IN SPAIN.

ROBERT ROSEN'S film "Alexander the Great," which is being made in Spain with an international cast, is nearing completion. A United Artists release, photographed in CinemaScope and Technicolor, the picture presents the epic story of the conquests of the great General (355-323 B.C.) in the most thrilling and dramatic scenes imaginable. Spain was chosen for the making of the film, since its wild and mountainous regions resemble much of the terrain over which Alexander's troops moved, fought and conquered. The battles of Cheronea, Granicus and Gaugamela (Arbela), and other feats of arms of Alexander's troops are among the most stirring and arresting scenes in this remarkable film; and our "stills" give some idea of the exciting manner in which the fierce and bloodthirsty hand-to-hand fighting is presented. Great pains have been taken to ensure that details of costume, arms and armor should be correct, and readers may be interested to note the resemblance between the soldiers representing the Macedonians and the Alabreban and Athenian troops shown in our photographs of detail of the Battle of Cheronea and the frieze of Greek warriors set in the splendid Vix crater, the largest bronze crater to have survived from ancient Greece, which we reproduced in colour in our issue of March 12. We publish some stills from "Alexander the Great" on May 7, showing Richard Burton as Alexander, Frederic March as Philip of Macedon; and other leading members of the cast.



THE FIERCE AND BLOODTHIRSTY COMBAT BETWEEN MACEDONIAN CAVALRY AND GREEK HOPLITES PRESENTED IN ASTONISHINGLY CONVINCING DRAMA AND FURY: DETAIL OF THE FILM BATTLE OF CHERONEA.



ALL THE FURY OF THE BATTLE WHICH ESTABLISHED THE MACEDONIAN SUPREMACY IN GREECE IN 338 B.C. RECAPTURED FOR A FILM OF TO-DAY: GREEK FOOT SOLDIERS DESPERATELY TRYING TO STEM THE ADVANCE OF THE MACEDONIAN CAVALRY—ONE HOPLITE ABOUT TO UNHORSE A MOUNTED MAN.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A PATCH of cheerful violet out in the garden—I can see it from where I sit and write—has set me thinking back over forty-odd years. It was in 1911 at Mont Cenis, in the Savoy Alps, that I came upon a specially fine form of *Aster alpinus*, dug it up, sent it home, and got it established at Stevenage. *Aster alpinus* varies greatly in the colour and size of its flowers, as you will well know if you have ever seen it growing in the Alps—pale to deep violet, pink, red-violet and occasional whites. This particular specimen was rather compact in habit, reaching 4 to 5 ins. at most, and the flowers were—and are—well over 2 ins. across, with a double circle of petals. To identify it from ordinary forms of the Alpine aster, the plant got labelled "*Aster alpinus*, Elliott's Variety," and as such it led a chequered and precarious life at my Six Hills Nursery.

A willing grower, it was always a martyr to slugs, who time after time would gnaw its stems to the bone down to ground-level. From time to time the plant found its way into my nursery catalogue, and then, owing to slugs and too-numerous sales, would have to retire for a while into private life to recuperate and multiply. What an astonishing record, to have survived changes and chances of nursery life all these years, not to mention certain distractions caused by Kaiser William, Hitler and slugs.

When I retired from Stevenage to the Cotswolds a few specimens of my aster came with me, and have prospered, chiefly on my son's nursery. Fortunately, the local slugs, hedonists though they are, do not seem to have tumbled to the delights of *Aster alpinus*, Elliott's Variety—yet.

That was the first of many visits that I have paid to Mont Cenis. On that occasion I was on a month-long collecting expedition with Reginald Farrer, and I still grow direct descendants of at least two other good plants which I collected there. On a vast isolated boulder, high up behind the hotel at Mont Cenis, I came upon a colony of the very rare and local *Saxifraga valdensis*. A strange dwarf species, forming close, hard scabs of silver leaf-rosettes and heads of white flowers carried on stiff inch-high stems. It was not, I believe, in cultivation at that time, and to-day it is grown, chiefly as an Alpine house specimen, by connoisseurs of the rare

OLD GARDEN FRIENDS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

was studded with thousands of plants of *Geranium argenteum*, with intensely silky-silver leaves and big, pale pink blossoms. The saxifrage grew exclusively on a series of small cliffs and rocky places. It spreads into close, congested mats of tiny, silvery leaf-rosettes, and carries small heads of white blossoms on 2-3-in. stems. In the rock garden it is best grown in narrow

each summer with innumerable harebells of a delicate rose-lilac colour. Its name is "King Lauren." So slender are its stems that it is happiest when pouring from a wall or perpendicular rock-face. Miraculously it has survived the neglect and hardships entailed by two World Wars. It brings special memories.

My wife and I were on a little four-day walking tour from Botzen to Misurina, and so near at hand was war that the great Dolomite road of our route was militarily all on edge. Whilst I scrambled up to collect "King Lauren," a sentry, armed to the teeth, came hurrying up the road to see what spy devilment I was up to. Later, the hotel at which we spent the night was alive with military comic opera, including an Austrian Grand Duke, who occupied the bedroom next to ours. When we came out of our room to go down to dinner, the Grand Duke came out of his room and preceded us along the passage and then down the grand staircase into the hall, where he was received—with us close upon his heels—by a gorgeous avenue of saluting, heel-clicking officers. A tremendous moment! The Grand Duke and his chorus of officers filled a long table at the far end of the dining-room. The rest of the room was packed with mere tourists all as ravenous as we were. An endless flow of food and drink was carried to the Grand Ducal table, but neither drop nor crumb to anyone else. There were bitter murmurings, but still no food came to us, until, in desperation, I intercepted a vast washing basket full of rolls and set it on two chairs by our table, and then took from a waiter two great flagons of lager on their way to the top table, and so we settled down to work our way through several dozen rolls if need be. This high-handed self-help of mine seemed to put heart into our fellow-tourists. Murmurings against hunger and flagrant neglect became quite threatening, until at long last food began to arrive in full measure, and so riot was averted.

My garden is full of plants just as jolly as *Campanula* "King Lauren," plants which recall memories just as absurd as those of sharing that barrage of salutes with the Grand Duke, and filching rolls and lager on their way to his table. The finding of *Calceolaria darwinii* in Patagonia was mixed up with a



FLOWERS OF ASTER ALPINUS—NOT "ELLIOTT'S VARIETY," BUT FROM A BATCH OF SEEDLINGS WHICH INCLUDED SEVERAL SHADeS OF VIOLET, ROSE-MAUVE AND A CREAMY WHITE VERGING ON STRAW-COLOURED.

crevices between the rocks, and if these rocks happen to be tufa, the plant will spread out over the porous, limy formation, and eventually grow and flourish there, entirely isolated from the soil of its original crevice. Being so dwarf and compact, *Saxifraga aizoon baldensis* is particularly valuable for growing on sink and stone-trough rock gardens.

One may grow and value plants for a wide variety of reasons—beauty of form, colour, fragrance, elegant foliage, quaint appearance, even rarity. There is, too, very often, the charm and interest of a plant's origin, the place and occasion of one's first acquiring it, a gift in the garden of some good friend, or a gift from heaven-in-the-wild. Association of ideas and memories of this kind can add greatly to one's enjoyment of the garden. Memories may well be salted, or slightly sweetened with ever such a remote tinge

of sentiment, so long as one is resolute in avoiding becoming sentimental. There's a big difference.

My own garden may not be much to look at. Parts of it perhaps have moments from time to time, but more than that it can not claim. But it is stiff with plants which themselves are stiff with memories of pleasant places and good companions. In a stone wall which, during the last couple of years I have been planting with a wide variety of rock and Alpine plants, there is a fine specimen of a campanula of the harebell persuasion which I collected from a roadside cliff in the Dolomites in 1914. A frail-looking thing with stems no stouter than horse-hair, it covers itself



THE ASTONISHING FACES OF CALCEOLARIA DARWINII, AN ENCHANTING, IF DIFFICULT, NATIVE OF PATAGONIA, OF WHICH MR. ELLIOTT TANTALISINGLY SAYS THAT ITS FINDING "WAS MIXED UP WITH A WHOLE COMEDY OF ERRORS AND MISUNDERSTANDINGS." [Photograph by D. F. Merritt.]



"THE INTENSELY SILKY-SILVER LEAVES AND BIG, PALE PINK BLOSSOMS" OF GERANIUM ARGENTEUM, WHICH STUDS THE SHORT TURF NEAR THE SUMMIT OF MONTE BALDO, ABOVE LAKE GARDA.

Photograph by R. A. Malby & Co.

and curious, and that to-day is how it is represented here, by a small, solitary pot specimen. Though a very slow grower, *Saxifraga valdensis* is quite easy to cultivate.

The third plant surviving from that expedition is *Saxifraga aizoon baldensis*, and this has certainly made good among rock gardeners. Along the uppermost ridge, and near the summit of that great hog's back of a mountain, Monte Baldo, above Lake Garda, this smallest of the silver saxifrages grows in profusion, together with the lovely, wild *Primula auricula*, with fragrant, golden flowers and leaves and stems thickly dusted with silvery-white meal. The short turf near by

whole comedy of errors and misunderstandings, whilst the finding of the most widely popular, and perhaps the best plant I ever collected was very nearly deflected by the intervention of a detestably fierce-looking bull. Pleasant memories, too, are aroused by a pretty but relatively insignificant plant which was given to me by Sir Austen Chamberlain whilst I was building a rock garden for him at his Sussex home. It is some species of *Epimedium*, name unknown, with sprays of orange and pale yellow flowers. The sight of that plant recalls one of the happiest rock-garden jobs I ever carried out, and at the same time one of the most charming personalities I ever worked for.

THE VICTORIAN SCENE EVOKED BY JAMES TISSOT: ROMANCE AND SOCIAL LIFE IN THE 'EIGHTIES.



"THE CONCERT"; BY JAMES TISSOT (1836-1902), A PAINTING OF A MUSICAL SOIREE ATTENDED BY ORIENTAL GUESTS AS WELL AS BY FASHIONABLE ENGLISH SOCIETY PEOPLE IN THE 'EIGHTIES, ON VIEW IN THE GRAVES ART GALLERY LOAN EXHIBITION, SHEFFIELD. (Manchester City Art Gallery.)



"THE LETTER"; A CHARMING EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF JAMES TISSOT, THE FRENCH-BORN ARTIST, WHO RECORDED SCENES OF VICTORIAN LIFE. (Sir John Gielgud.)



"A VISIT TO THE YACHT," A PAINTING IN WHICH TISSOT'S KNOWLEDGE OF AND INTEREST IN SHIPPING IS DISPLAYED. (Viscount Leverhulme.)



"AMATEUR CIRCUS"; A RECORD OF A VICTORIAN SOCIETY EVENT RECORDED WITH HUMOUR AS WELL AS ACCURACY. (Mr. G. M. Fitzgerald.)



"LES ADIEUX"; A LOVE SCENE OF THE HIGHLY SENTIMENTAL STYLE POPULAR IN MID-VICTORIAN TIMES. (Lieut.-Colonel Lionel Walker.)



"THE LAST EVENING"; A TISSOT PAINTING DESIGNED TO "TELL A STORY" IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TASTE OF THE MID-VICTORIAN PERIOD. (Guildhall Art Gallery.)



"THE PICNIC," AN AMUSING RECORD OF A VICTORIAN OCCASION—THE SILVER TEA KETTLE AND ELABORATELY-LAID MEAL SHOULD BE NOTED. (The Tate Gallery.)

James Tissot (1836-1902), a French-born painter who came to England after the Siege of Paris in 1870-71, enjoyed great success in this country in his life-time, and was a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy. Later he abandoned his painting of scenes of Victorian social life and devoted his attention to religious subjects, settling in Palestine, where he produced a series of illustrations to the Bible. For many years the art of Tissot has been forgotten, but to-day the charm, and also the documentary interest of his paintings of

Victorian social occasions in the 'eighties, is recognised; and considerable interest has been roused by the loan exhibition at the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield, which opened last month and is due to close to-morrow, June 26. Tissot, who was born at Nantes, spent much of his time as a young man on the quays and beside the wharves of his native town, watching the shipping, and he retained a great love of and interest in ships, and painted many subjects connected with them, using the rigging and masts as decorative backgrounds.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

COOT LEARN TO KNOW THEIR CHICKS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A YOUNG neighbour called to ask if we would adopt a young thrush. He said there was a nest in his garden with four fledglings in it, three alive and one dead. He had also seen a fifth flutter off the nest, and he was confident the parents were not feeding them. We told him he must make sure the brood was deserted before interfering with it, and some time later he came back with one fledgling carefully wrapped and in a small box, and with the news that the nest had truly been deserted. To cut the story short, my daughter finally took over the

found little to support the theory. They drew a clear distinction between acceptance and rejection of the young. They recognised that where a parent bird has responded unfavourably by attacking, swanning (*i.e.*, raising the wings in the manner of a swan, the coot's aggressive attitude), or both, they say it has distinguished the newcomer as a stranger. Conversely, where a strange young one has been received favourably, has been tolerated, fed and brooded, they say the parent bird confused the newcomer with its own chicks. In rare instances, confusing the newcomer with its own chicks might lead to adoption. Typically, however, the following incident would occur.

In this, two broods were hatched on the same day in nests 8 yards apart. The chicks wandered indiscriminately into the two territories surrounding the nests. In no instance was a chick molested by either of the four parents. This continued for some days, during which the chicks of both broods, while showing a preference for the home territory, did not hesitate to trespass. In due course, a sense of home was developed, and concurrently with it, and perhaps linked with, although

Alley and Boyd do not

commit themselves to this, the parents recognise and tolerate their own offspring. They also seemed to recognise their neighbours' chicks, and from tolerating them began to drive them off.

A CHICK'S RECOGNITION OF A PARENT AS AN INDIVIDUAL IS NOT COMPLETE UNTIL SOME THREE WEEKS AFTER HATCHING. UNTIL THEN A CHICK WILL BEG FOOD FROM ANY ADULT IN THE VICINITY. A COOT CHICK AT ABOUT THE AGE WHEN IT KNOWS ITS OWN PARENT.

care of three young thrushes. When all three had been brought in, they were placed in a large box, with a small nesting-box in its corner for sleeping quarters. It is bad enough hand-feeding one young bird. Feeding three is more than three times as difficult, and for the following reason. At feeding-time you are confronted with three gaping throats. You push food down one yellow throat, turn to take up more food, only to find that all three birds look alike and you cannot remember which one has been fed. The situation is not eased by the young birds shuffling around and so changing position.

There is, of course, no real problem here for the thrush parent. All it has to do is to push food down any gaping throat until all are satisfied and throats no longer gape. Or is it as simple as this? Can birds recognise their offspring as individuals and do they need to do so? If so, is it by minute differences in plumage, which all look alike to human eyes, or by this combined with differences in size imperceptible to us, or by differing personalities? As I say, there may be no problem for thrushes with nests well spread out; but the same cannot be true for species in which the pairs nest in close proximity to each other. Some light was thrown on this in the publication by Ronald Alley and Hugh Boyd of their observations of young coot (see "Ibis" 92, 1950, pp. 46-51).

They found a mixture of tolerance and hostility among the adult birds and a pathetic trust among the young. If, for example, a chick wandered into the territory of a family of coot, the young ones of which were more than one or two days older or younger than itself, it was lucky to escape with its life. That is, if the intruding stranger was noticeably older or younger than their own brood, the parent coots would attack it and, if it did not make off under the rain of blows, would finally kill it.

To say the least, this is rather unsettling for a theory, now widely held by animal psychologists, that it is the shortened face—or beak, in the case of a bird—and other visual signs that are responsible for arousing parental instincts and feelings. Alley and Boyd, by the implication in their words, at all events,

imitates the special parental call. Imprinting in the coot chick appears to be complete by the time it is twenty-four hours from hatching. However, the recognition of a parent as an individual is not complete until some three weeks later. Until then a chick will beg food from any adult in its vicinity.

This is not the appropriate time or place to debate the subject, but one cannot help the comment that there are many points of similarity here between the behaviour of coot and human beings, in principle, if not in detail.



"IT SEEMS THAT WHEN THE CHICKS ARE YOUNG, SIZE IS THE MAIN THING REMEMBERED BY THE PARENTS, AND ANY STRANGE CHICK OF ABOUT THE SAME SIZE AS THEIR OWN WILL BE TOLERATED AND FED." TWO YOUNG COOT SWIMMING NEAR THE NEST.



"AS THEIR OWN CHICKS GROW, INDIVIDUAL RECOGNITION BECOMES INCREASINGLY MARKED AND STRANGERS ARE RECOGNISED AND DRIVEN OFF, EVEN IF THE SAME SIZE AS THEIR OWN BROOD."

A CHICK IS WATCHED OVER BY THE PARENT COOT.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

In both parent and chick there seem to be two distinct stages in this process of learning. On the parents' side the first stage seems to consist in accepting any chick of a size and colouring comparable to those of their own chicks. After a fortnight or so, they are able to pick out a stranger, even one that is intermediate in size between two chicks of their own brood.

The chicks, for their part, recognise the parents first by the process known as imprinting. This is something that is being closely studied at the moment, but the best we can say of it as yet is that imprinting is the tendency of a newly-hatched chick to follow a large moving object. This can be not only the parents but even a man who handles the chick, especially if he

do birds recognise offspring individually?—Alley and Boyd give us their explanation. It is that "as the young grow older they tend to diverge somewhat in development, and probably this assists the parents' process of learning." Human beings can do little more than this.

The divergence in development seems to me another way of saying the chicks develop a personality. There may be slight differences in markings or size, but anyone who has kept a brood under constant observation knows that as the chicks grow, their deportment and general behaviour tend to differ more strongly than the pattern of plumage. In other words, the chicks mainly look alike at first, but as they develop, the parents can tell them apart. And that, it seems to me, is all there is in it.

"A CAVALCADE OF MOTORING": THE CLIMAX OF THE A.A.'S GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR.



LEADING THE CAVALCADE: AN A.A. ROAD PATROL OF 1905 IN NORFOLK JACKET, WITH ARM-BAND, AND A CONTEMPORARY BICYCLE, SALUTING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



AT THE INSPECTION WHICH PRECEDED THE CAVALCADE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TALKING WITH REPRESENTATIVES OF THE TOURING CLUB DE FRANCE.



ONE OF THE PAGEANTS PRESENTED: A ROAD PATROL OF 1909 (WHEN UNIFORMS WERE INTRODUCED) COMING TO THE RESCUE OF A FAIR MOTORIST IN AN EARLY ROVER.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TALKING WITH AN ASSISTANT SUPERVISOR OF THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA. (RIGHT) A PATROL OF THE SINGAPORE A.A.



A WOLSELEY VOITURETTE OF 1899 BEING SHOWN TO THE DUKE: THIS CAR LED THE SECTION OF MODERN MOTORS WHICH TOOK PART IN THE PARADE.

The Golden Jubilee celebrations of the Automobile Association reached their climax on June 18 with a Cavalcade of Motoring during the fifty years of the Association's existence. Historic, veteran and vintage cars, a selection of the most modern motor-cars, tableaux and representatives of motoring organisations from all over the world, all took part in this great occasion, which was staged in Regent's Park. After a brief inspection of the vehicles in the assembly area, the Duke of Edinburgh was driven in an open Land-Rover painted in the familiar yellow and black of the A.A. to a saluting-base in Chester Road, where large



RECALLING THE PALMY DAYS OF MOTORING: LORD LONSDALE'S 1913 COMMER SHOOTING BRAKE, WITH A LOAD OF PASSENGERS IN APPROPRIATE COSTUME.

crowds saw a procession of about 350 vehicles drive past. The historical section was one of great interest, with vehicles of each of the fifty years interspersed with tableaux illustrating the trials and triumphs in the growth of the Association from the days when it had fewer than 100 members to its present position of strength and prosperity and a membership of over 1,600,000. The overseas countries which sent patrols or service vans to represent them were from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Ceylon, Singapore, Malaya, U.S.A., Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, Sweden and Switzerland.



THIS—"Furniture-Making in 17th and 18th-Century England"—is a fine folio volume containing more than 300 photographs of far more than average quality; around them Mr. R. W. Symonds discourses, easily and happily, about furniture and clocks, and how they were made during the 200 years before the factory-owner superseded the independent craftsman. He has been well known, either personally or from his writings, to all who have taken any serious interest in the development of the cabinet-maker's craft in England, as the most independent and forth-right of experts, and has done as much as anyone to increase knowledge and castigate wickedness—which I mean to expose the tricks of those ingenious gentlemen who make it their life's ambition to extract substantial sums of money from the unwary by filling their houses with modern or semi-modern forgeries.

Not the least useful, and certainly the most entertaining chapter of the book is devoted to a description of the tricks which have been played in the past and may well be played in the future. Valuable and eminently practical though this chapter is, it would, however, be wrong to give undue emphasis to this aspect of the author's subject. He is as much concerned to show us what good furniture is as to point out just where forgeries fail to convince, and this he accomplishes by means of careful descriptions and a wealth of documentary references; his notes on each illustration are no less illuminating than the main



WITH MARQUETRY PANELS OF FLOWERS SET IN BORDERS OF OLIVE-WOOD PARQUETRY: A DRESSING-BOX, PERIOD OF CHARLES II. (Height, 6½ ins. Top, 18½ by 23 ins.)

"Marquetry and parquetry boxes, both large and small, were quite common in antique shops thirty years ago. To-day they are rare. They have been described as glove-boxes, lace-boxes, but never as dressing-boxes. This example was undoubtedly a dressing-box because it is fitted with a glass and compartments . . . there is also the space for brush and comb . . . It also 'displays the high quality floral marquetry that one associates with the work of French Huguenot refugees . . .'"

and entire, but of which neither the one could have been built, nor the other have been made for their use. . . . The marriage-bed of James the First of Great Britain, which his Queen brought with her from Denmark, as a present fit for a sovereign to make a sovereign, was, a few years ago, the ornament of an alehouse in Dunfermline." I wonder where that bed is to-day? Probably long since broken up and the wood used a century or so ago to make spurious antiques, or, if that is too harsh a word, honest imitations which by now will have acquired the appearance of age. Looking back, thanks to the researches of the author and his predecessors, we are in a position to assess the craftsmanship of the past with something like accuracy, and can assert with confidence that the best furniture of the eighteenth century attained a standard of workmanship and design which has been the despair of later generations. Much inferior furniture was produced in an expanding market, but there was also a sufficient demand for work of the highest quality to encourage the exceptional craftsman to give of his best. Nor was this standard confined to those few, like Chippendale, who were clever enough to publish a book of patterns. There is ample evidence that many others, such as William Vile, whose pieces are still in Buckingham Palace, were no less competent.

Among them I note that Mr. Symonds mentions William Hallet (or Hallett), who died in 1781, and who had an enviable reputation in his day, though I don't think anything by him has been identified. He must

have been extraordinarily successful, for he bought the site and much of the building material of the Duke of Chandos' mansion of Cannons, at Edgware, and set up in the manner of the time as a country gentleman in a new villa on the Cannons estate. Although we know of him only as an eminent tradesman, if you care to walk into the National Gallery you can make the acquaintance of his grandson of the same name, for he is the elegant young man who strolls so sedately with his young wife amid the feathery foliage of Gainsborough's "Morning Walk," a picture which Gainsborough painted in 1785 and

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. WOOD AND WOODWORKERS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

construction, the nature of various woods and fashions in interior decoration, with some hard but by no means unjust words about that prodigious figure, William Kent, for designing furniture in terms of stone—and it's true enough that Kent had no feeling whatever for the warmth and graciousness of wood.

In our own time we have been brought up to look upon an interest in old furniture as a normal pursuit, and there must be few of us who do not enjoy comparing the work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with that of to-day; even if we never attempt to buy an authentic old piece, we have sufficient historical sense to take pleasure in seeing how our ancestors lived. It is well to be reminded, as we are by Mr. Symonds, that until the nineteenth century nobody bothered about the furniture of the past at all; until then it went out of fashion from one generation to another and was either banished to attic or stable or descended in the social scale from the squire's mansion to the houses of more humble folk. Not that there were not great and sensitive collectors of pictures, and of all those things which we generally classify as works of art—the greatest of them all was Charles I.; and the marvellous collection at Chatsworth still happily remains intact to bear witness to the taste of successive members of the Cavendish family—but furniture was regarded from a different point of view—it was not considered sufficiently "curious" to be worth collecting; it was merely old-fashioned. Adam Smith sums up the matter very neatly in his "Wealth of Nations," published in 1776. "In countries which have long been rich, you will frequently find the inferior ranks of people in possession both of houses and furniture perfectly good

which has been purchased recently by the National Gallery from Lord Rothschild for £30,000, with the aid of a contribution of £5000 from the National Art Collections Fund. The picture has long been regarded as a superb example of Gainsborough's style in his later years—the painter died in 1788—so that we may perhaps consider ourselves indirectly indebted to this almost-forgotten cabinet-maker, William Hallet, Sen., for having endowed his grandson with sufficient taste and money to employ the leading portrait painter of his day.

Among the many documents referred to by Mr. Symonds are lithographed circulars sent out between 1885 and 1911 by S. Richards, a Nottingham dealer. Those were the days!—for "a small Queen Anne bureau of walnut veneer" is offered at £15; "a pair of quaint Arm Chairs, Queen Anne period," for £18. To-day's prices—£800 and £700 respectively. On the other hand, fashions change. "Although most prices have risen, some have remained stationary, and others have even decreased. For example, in 1894 Richards advertised an inlaid chest of the type

IN A SUPERB MARQUETRY CASE: AN EIGHT-DAY WEIGHT CLOCK BY CHRISTOPHER GOULD, QUEEN ANNE PERIOD, c. 1705. (Height of case without finials, 8 ft.)

"Christopher Gould was not a clockmaker of the same rank as Tompion and Knibb. In comparison with the work of these masters his movements are coarse. . . . But Gould's clocks make up for all these defects by the splendour of their cases. They are always of the highest quality, and, when of marquetry, as with the case illustrated, they are outstanding."

Illustrations by courtesy of "The Connoisseur," publishers of the book reviewed on this page.

called in the collecting world a 'Nonsuch chest.' It was decorated with inlay in the design of buildings with spires and high roofs similar to Nonsuch Palace. 'For this exceedingly rare English chest of very early date, probably of the time of Queen Elizabeth,' he asked



NOTABLE FOR ITS GRACEFUL SERPENTINE SHAPE: A MAHOGANY COMMODE WITH CHASED BRASS MOUNTS, ENCLOSED BY DOORS, c. 1775. (Height, 2 ft. 11½ ins.)

"The circular panel on the front and the oval panels on the sides are veneered with finely-figured mottled mahogany. The surrounds to the panels are veneered with strongly-marked straight-grained wood, the grain running across the frame. . . . An additional enrichment is in the form of chased brass mounts which decorate the front corners and the rim of the top."

body of his text. He published his first book as long ago as 1921 under what has always seemed to me the curiously ambiguous title of "The Present State of English Furniture." During the intervening period he has widened the scope of his researches to include social and economic trends which have a bearing on the cabinet-maker's trade and the result is a nice amalgam of technical expertise, on methods of

£24. Four years later he was advertising another example for £35. To-day it is doubtful whether these inlaid chests, unless of exceptional quality, would at auction realise more." A similar thing, we are told, has happened with marquetry. "In the 1920's American collectors began to buy it; but to-day they are no longer interested and English collectors ignore marquetry for so much of it is not in its original state."

All the illustrations have been provided from a single anonymous collection, and the book is given vivacity and colour by the inclusion of four colour plates of pictures by George Stubbs and Ben Marshall.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH COUNCIL : SIR DAVID KELLY.
Sir David Kelly, British Ambassador to Russia from 1949-51, and previously to Turkey and Argentina, has been appointed Chairman of the British Council in succession to Sir Ronald Adam. Sir David, who is sixty-three, entered the Diplomatic Service in 1919.



TO BE SECOND SEA LORD : ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES LAMBE.
Admiral Sir Charles Lambe, who is fifty-four, has been appointed a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel, in succession to Admiral Sir Guy Russell. The appointment is to take effect in October.



INDEPENDENT REFEREE IN THE RAIL PAY DISPUTE : LORD JUSTICE MORRIS.
The Minister of Labour, Sir Walter Monckton, appointed Lord Justice Morris to act as independent referee in the railway pay dispute. Last year he presided over the courts of inquiry into the engineering and shipbuilding wages dispute.



A NEW APPOINTMENT : ADMIRAL SIR GUY RUSSELL.
From January 1 next year Admiral Sir Guy Russell will succeed Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Sanders as Commandant of the Imperial Defence College. He is fifty-six and has been Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel since 1953.



CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES IN PEKIN : MR. C. D. W. O'NEILL.
Head of the News Department of the Foreign Office, Mr. C. D. W. O'Neill has been appointed Chargé d'Affaires in Pekin in succession to Mr. H. Trevelyan, new British Ambassador in Cairo. Aged forty-three, he entered the Foreign Service in 1936.



TO BE COMMISSIONER-GENERAL IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA : SIR ROBERT SCOTT.
Sir Robert Scott, who has been British Minister in Washington since 1953, is to be Commissioner-General for the United Kingdom in South-East Asia. Sir Robert Scott, who is forty-nine, is expected to take up his new post at the end of September. He succeeds Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, who has been appointed High Commissioner in Delhi.



STATESMEN IN NEW YORK : (L. TO R.) MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES (U.S.), MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN (U.K.), DR. ADENAUER (WESTERN GERMANY), AND M. PINAY (FRANCE).
The Foreign Ministers of the United States, Britain and France, and Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, met in New York on June 17 to hold conversations on the forthcoming Geneva conference before the representatives of the United States, Britain and France proceeded to San Francisco for the United Nations celebrations, at which they were expected to have an opportunity of conferring with Mr. Molotov, Soviet Foreign Minister.



DIED ON JUNE 12, AGED SEVENTY-ONE : AIR CDRE. P. F. M. FELLOWES.
Air Commodore Peregrine F. Fellowes led the Houston Air Expedition to the Himalayas, and on April 3, 1933, became the first man to fly over Mount Everest. The next day he flew over Kanchenjunga. An Australian, he entered the Royal Navy as a cadet in 1898, served with distinction in the 1914-18 war in the R.N.A.S. and later joined the R.A.F.



ELECTED LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY : LORD REA.
Lord Rea was elected leader of the Liberal Party by the Liberal peers on June 13 in succession to Lord Samuel. Aged fifty-five, he is President of the Liberal Party this year and has been Liberal Chief Whip in the Lords since 1950.



THE ASCENT OF KANCHENJUNGA : DR. E. J. CLEGG, MR. J. BROWN AND MR. JOHN JACKSON, MEMBERS OF THE SUCCESSFUL BRITISH TEAM, WITH (R.) MRS. JACKSON.
On May 25 the summit of Kanchenjunga (less five vertical feet, in deference to the religious feelings of the Sikkimese) was reached by a pair of climbers of the British party led by Mr. Charles Evans; and on the following day a second pair climbed it. The members of the assault parties were Mr. George Band, Mr. Joe Brown, Mr. Tony Streather and Mr. Norman Hardie. Kanchenjunga (28,164 ft.) was then the highest unclimbed mountain in the world.



ELECTED GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE T. AND G.W.U. : MR. A. E. TIFFIN.
Mr. Tiffin, formerly Assistant General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, who has been acting General Secretary since Mr. Deakin's death, was on June 15 elected as his successor. He has been an official of the T. and G.W.U. since 1930.



NEW CANADIAN ARMY CHIEF : MAJOR-GEN. H. D. GRAHAM.
Major-General H. D. Graham, who takes up his appointment as Chief of the General Staff, Canadian Army, this year, was a major at the outbreak of World War II, and rose to his present rank when appointed to command the Central Military District of Canada. He will be promoted to Lieutenant-General.



VISITING BRITAIN : THE HON. HOWARD BEALE.
The Australian Minister for Supply, The Hon. Howard Beale, Q.C., M.P., arrived in London on June 12 for a visit which will last until July 19. He is investigating the latest developments in Great Britain in guided weapons and atomic energy, and holding discussions on these matters with Ministers.



SURVIVORS OF THE SAHARA TRAGEDY : MISS B. DUTHY AND MR. P. BARNES.
Miss Barbara Duthy, Mr. Peter Barnes, Miss Muriel Taylor and Mr. A. N. Cooper attempted to motor from Kenya across the Sahara and lost the way. A convoy of lorries found them and they set off with Miss Duthy on a lorry. The car lost the convoy, and when found Miss Taylor and Mr. Cooper had died of thirst.



ENGLAND'S TEST CRICKET CAPTAIN : MR. P. B. H. MAY.
Owing to reasons of health, Mr. Len Hutton does not wish to take part in Test Match cricket this season. The England Test Committee have accepted his decision and invited him to join the Selection Committee as a co-opted member. Mr. P. B. H. May has accepted the captaincy for the remaining Test matches.



DIED ON JUNE 18 : BISHOP MICHAEL FURSE.
Bishop Furse was Bishop of St. Albans from 1920-44, and Bishop of Pretoria from 1939-40. He was born in 1870; ordained priest in 1897, and in 1902 took part in a mission of help to South Africa. Bishop Carter then asked him to return, and in 1903 he went out as Archdeacon of Johannesburg.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

OF TIME AND DANCING.

By ALAN DENT.

DANCING is a universal passion, like smoking. To me, both habits are in the same category. A little of either goes a long way with me, and I only desire that little to be of absolutely first-rate quality. Grant me one Havana cigar a day, and the rest of the world can have all the pipes, the cigarettes, and even the cigars it wants. Grant me a half-hour of Margot Fonteyn at the ballet, and I go on to supper quite happy, fully satisfied. Grant me, similarly, an hour of Fred Astaire in the lighter sort of dancing,

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MR. ERNEST BORGnine IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "MARTY."

In selecting Mr. Ernest Borgnine as his choice, Mr. Dent writes: "Amid a welter of dancers ranging from goodish to brilliant, the prize for the best actor, as distinct from dancer, must go to Ernest Borgnine for his performance in 'Marty.' Mr. Borgnine is a very bad dancer indeed, and he makes a point of this very awkwardness in his beautiful study of an Italian New Yorker in his mid-thirties who has the greatest difficulty in finding any young woman to dance with him, much less to love him or marry him. This actor first leaped into general notice as the brutal Army sergeant in 'From Here to Eternity.' His fine full-length performance in 'Marty' proves that he can convey many other things besides rage—steadfastness, for example, and tenderness, and even pathos."

and he may then desist as having—in the phrase of Jane's Mr. Bennet—"delighted me sufficiently."

In "Daddy Long Legs" Mr. Astaire delights in this way for two hours on end. A great dramatic critic, no more wholeheartedly devoted to dancing of any sort than is your film critic, once described Mr. Astaire in these terms: "His charm has some of Ariel's quality. He is as companionable to the mind as his body is marriageable to that of his dancing-partner. The least knowing judge of dancing can perceive that it is only when Mr. Astaire's art is, so to speak, wedded that it arrives at its full perfection. It was said of Kean that he acted 'all round' people; Mr. Astaire dances all round his partner, now shepherding her, now buttressing, here giving her the floor, and there taking it with her in mutual rapture. It is legerdemain accomplished with the whole body, with the result that the eye endlessly follows that which in second-rate artists is second nature, but in first-rate talent is Nature itself."

It takes a great dancer to make a balletophobe critic write as well as this, and the astounding thing is that it was written as long ago as 1933. There is, of course, a fairly strict time-limit for pure ballet exponents. But Mr. Astaire suggests that the limit is extremely elastic for artists of the lighter sort. Some colleagues despise in his present performance a certain unwillingness in his lower limbs to obey the

dictates of his mercurial mind. For me, his legs and feet are as young as of old. It is only his face that shows some deeper wrinkles, and this hardly matters, since his face is less that of a human being than that of a faun—a faun for whom it is always afternoon, or, rather, after-midnight.

Let me repeat that it is only first-rate dancing that gives me any pleasure. If it gives me no pleasure, I know it to be less than first-rate. Most of the famous *corps de ballet* give me no pleasure at all. Neither does Miss Leslie Caron, who partners Mr. Astaire in this film. She plays the little girl whose unknown guardian is the Texas millionaire whom, in her letters, she calls her Daddy Long Legs. (Incidentally, this old romance gave me no pleasure at all when I was practically obliged to read it because of its huge vogue in the 1914-1918 war. I remember pretending to read it to please some girl who lent me her copy, and then threw it away—or returned it with a fib—in order to resume the company of Umslopagaas and Eric Brighteyes and Lysbeth and Colonel Quaritch, and all those others in the splendid gallery of characters designed by Rider Haggard for the delight of small boys who have no time for fictitious and sentimental Daddies, long-legged or otherwise.)

To return to Miss Caron, she aims at being a ballet-dancer as well as tapping with the best of them, which means to say Mr. Astaire himself. There are some dream-sequences of almost painfully serious ballet in this film, in which the little heroine tiptoes through endless corridors, now as a hapless Pierrot, now as a nymph distractedly in search of her lost sugar-daddy long-legs. With bated breath the balletophiles tell me that all this is the work of M. Roland Petit, and must therefore be regarded with awe. The week-end audience among which I sat agreed with me in regarding it with something much more like derision. Whether we were right or wrong, such

stuff cannot be regarded as occurring rightly in any really satisfactory film which has Fred Astaire dancing all round it.

In "Marty" there is also a good deal of dancing. But this is neither ballet nor tap: it is the melancholy jiggling of young couples crowded on the floor of a place called Stardust in the heart of the Bronx, New York. From this film it would appear that the Bronx is the New York counterpart of London's Hammersmith or Camden Town, with a dash of Saffron Hill as well. For the family in whose affairs we here find ourselves intimately mixed up in "Marty" is a poor family of markedly Italian origin. Marty is a plain, good, un-handsome butcher who is teased because he cannot find a wife, and finally finds one in a good but un-handsome little schoolmistress who has been left high and dry by an ungallant partner on the edge of the Stardust's crowded dance-floor.



"FOR ME HIS LEGS AND FEET ARE AS YOUNG AS OF OLD. IT IS ONLY HIS FACE THAT SHOWS SOME DEEPER WRINKLES, AND THIS HARDLY MATTERS, SINCE HIS FACE IS LESS THAT OF A HUMAN BEING THAN THAT OF A FAUN": FRED ASTAIRE AS JERVIS WITH LESLIE CARON AS JULIE IN A SCENE FROM "DADDY LONG LEGS" (20TH CENTURY-FOX), IN WHICH THEY ENTERTAIN THE STUDENTS AT A COLLEGE DANCE WITH THE NEW DANCE CRAZE, "SLUEFOOT." [London premiere, June 6, the Carlton, Haymarket.]



"MARTY IS A PLAIN, GOOD, UN-HANDSOME BUTCHER WHO IS TEASED BECAUSE HE CANNOT FIND A WIFE, AND FINALLY FINDS ONE IN A GOOD BUT UN-HANDSOME LITTLE SCHOOLMISTRESS": MARTY (ERNEST BORGnine) AND CLARA (BETSY BLAIR) IN A SCENE FROM "MARTY" (UNITED ARTISTS). [London premiere, June 2, the Odeon, Leicester Square.]

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This little film, though it has been highly overpraised, tells its simple tale in excellent dialogue which rings true all the time. Ernest Borgnine, who plays the ugly drake, is a most expressive actor, but Betsy Blair, who plays the homely duck, contents herself with only two expressions—a gaze of bewilderment and a rueful smile.

In "Brigadoon" there is more and more dancing, and as this American film has a setting in eighteenth-century Scotland and concerns two modern New Yorkers who suddenly find themselves transported thither by a piece of witchcraft, I had better content myself with expressing the conviction that practically all non-Scottish viewers will take great delight in it, just as they did in the stage-version of which it is a fairly faithful copy. The mountains, the heather, the mist, the tartans, and even the Highland cattle have all, for me, a horrid Hollywood air of unreality. No less unreal are the Highland accents assumed by the Highland lasses led by Cyd Charisse. The two Americans are played by Van Johnson and Gene Kelly, and the direction is by Vincente Minnelli, who would probably argue with me that unreality is the very essence of the whole matter.

Let me only say in this film's favour, then, that it has a great deal of dancing in the form of variations on the Highland Fling. But one can have too much dancing, even when it is Scottish. As I began by saying, there is a sound analogy between dancing and smoking. One can have too much of both. But a little of the very best quality does nobody any real or lasting harm.

LAND AND SEA: A NEWS MISCELLANY FROM GERMANY AND THE U.S.A.



GERMANY'S FIRST LIFE-SAVING LAUNCH: THE HERMANN APELT SEEN DURING A TRIAL RUN IN THE NORTH SEA AFTER RETURNING FROM PORTUGAL.

Germany's first life-saving launch, which has a maximum speed of 17 knots, returned recently from Lisbon, Portugal, where it was on view at an international conference on modern life-saving methods and equipment. The *Hermann Apelt* will be permanently stationed on Heligoland. It is the first of six similar launches which the German Life-Saving Society plans to build in the next few years.



DURING THE THREE-DAY ATOMIC DEFENCE TEST IN THE UNITED STATES: TENT HEAD-

QUARTERS USED BY GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS WHO "FLED" FROM WASHINGTON. When air-raid sirens sounded on June 15 President Eisenhower and key officials stopped work and scattered to thirty-one emergency centres from 30 to 300 miles from Washington. The civil defence exercise, which lasted for three days, was the most realistic yet undertaken to show what might happen in the event of a massive atomic attack. Our photograph shows the tents in which some of the Government officials operated during the "emergency." The tent in the foreground is marked "Bureau of Budget."



FIGHTING A MILLION-DOLLAR BLAZE: NAVY AND CIVILIAN TUGBOATS AND COASTGUARD SHIPS POURING WATER ON A FIRE WHICH DESTROYED THE TIDEWATER TERMINAL DOCKS AND WAREHOUSES AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, ON JUNE 17. [Radio photograph.]



PART OF NORTH DAKOTA'S LARGEST PRIVATE GRAIN ELEVATOR COLLAPSES: TWENTY 112-FT.-HIGH GRAIN TANKS IN THE STORE AT WEST FARGO WHICH SNAPPED AT THE BASE DURING THE NIGHT OF JUNE 11-12, SPILLING SOME 600,000 BUSHELS OF GRAIN.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHIP MODEL IN A UNITED STATES MUSEUM: A HALF-SIZE REPRODUCTION OF THE OLD WHALING BARQUE LAGODA, ANCHORED TO THE FLOOR IN THE WHALING MUSEUM IN NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS. THE SHIP, WHICH IS FULLY RIGGED, IS BEING EXAMINED BY SOME VISITORS FROM QUEBEC.



TESTING DETAILS OF THE NIAGARA IMPROVEMENT PROJECT ON A SCALE MODEL: AN ENGINEER AT THE WATERWAYS EXPERIMENT STATION AT VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, REMOVING A MINIATURE GATE FROM A PROPOSED REGULATING DAM. THE SCHEME AIMS AT COMPENSATING FOR THE EFFECTS OF DIVERSIONS OF WATER.

POLO ON THE NEW GROUNDS IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK: THE ROYAL FAMILY WATCH THE MATCHES AND HELP TO TREAD BACK THE TURF.



ACCOMPANIED BY PRINCESS ANNE, ARMED WITH A WATER-PROOF: THE QUEEN ARRIVING ON THE GROUND.



DEEP IN THOUGHT: PRINCESS ANNE, WITH, BEHIND, THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, STUDYING SOMETHING OF INTEREST.



ROYAL YOUTH AND SERENE OLD AGE, EQUALLY INTERESTED IN THE PROGRESS OF THE PLAY IN THE ROYAL WINDSOR GROUNDS: PRINCESS ANNE AND SOME MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC WATCHING A MATCH.



IN THE PROGRESS OF THE PLAY IN THE ROYAL WINDSOR GROUNDS: PRINCESS ANNE AND A CHILD WATCHING A MATCH.



SHADING HIS EYES TO SEE IF PROCEEDINGS HAD STARTED AS YET: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL ARRIVING ON THE GROUND.



OBVIOUSLY CONSIDERING SOMETHING: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL DURING THE FIRST DAY'S PLAY AT WINDSOR.



WITH HER COUSIN PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT: PRINCESS MARGARET ARRIVING TO SEE THE SECOND DAY'S PLAY.



REPLACING DIVOTS BETWEEN THE CHUKKAS: THE QUEEN WORKING NEXT TO ONE OF HER YOUNG SUBJECTS.



BRING SHOWN HOW TO PRESS BACK THE DIVOTS: PRINCESS ANNE AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL.



LEAVING THE GROUND AFTER WATCHING THE FIRST DAY'S PLAY: THE QUEEN, THE QUEEN MOTHER, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (BEHIND), THE DUCHESS OF KENT, THE DUCHESS AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, THE DUCHESS OF KENT IN HER CAR AND (L. TO R.) PRINCESS ANNE, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL FOLLOWED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF KENT (R.) AND, BEHIND (L.), PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.



ARRIVING TO WATCH THE SEMI-FINAL IN THE ROYAL WINDSOR CUP: H.M. THE QUEEN.



THE QUEEN AND HER FELLOW-SPECTATORS ALL JOIN IN THE WORK OF REPLACING THE DIVOTS CHURNED UP BY THE PONIES' HOOFs: HER MAJESTY (DARK SUIT), MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (CENTRE); BEHIND THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS.



CAREFULLY STAMPING DOWN THE TURF ON THE GROUND BETWEEN CHUKKAS: H.M. THE QUEEN.



THE QUEEN MOTHER (L.) AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

The Royal Windsor Polo Cup Tournament lived up to its name as a Royal occasion, for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh (who played No. 2 for the Mariners) brought their children each day, and the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra also came

to watch the play. On June 16, the Queen presented the cups to the winning teams after the finals of the Royal Windsor and Smith's Lawn Cup had been played, was accompanied by King Hussein and Queen Dina of Jordan. The new grounds on Smith's Lawn in the Great Park, where play took place, have settled down well

considering that they are new, but, owing to recent rains, the turf cut up badly, and, following a loud-speaker request, between chukkas the spectators advanced across the ground and stamped back the divots. The Queen herself helped and the Royal children, who took a deep interest in the proceedings, followed their mother's example.

The Duke of Edinburgh's team, the Mariners, reached the final in the Smith's Lawn Cup (for defeated teams in the Royal Windsor Cup), but lost to Woolmers Park by seven goals to five. The Royal Windsor Cup was won by Ratnada, who defeated Ham in the final; and went on to beat Cowdray Park in the final of the Cireo Cup.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

MACBETH AND THE MANNONS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IN these days, I very much fear, it is unfashionable to praise. Venture a gentle remark that some performance or other is out of the ordinary, and you may be told that it is a Rave Notice: a sour observation, as a rule, by someone who disagrees with what you say. No matter: two-thirds of the ensuing article is a "rave notice." And I am writing about neither a bull-fight nor an American musical comedy. I am writing about a performance of Macbeth by an English actor—a great actor, if this may be whispered.

He is Sir Laurence Olivier, a player who has always had a way of knowing his own mind, and of not doing slavishly what he is told he ought to do. He thinks out his parts freshly. He reads the text (which is always, I feel, a good thing for actor or critic); and at Stratford-upon-Avon now he is playing Macbeth from within. This means that his performance develops in our imaginations as it does in his, and that Macbeth is not just an actor who booms away through the long night ("stormy, with fair periods").

Macbeth has failed so often in the theatre because a player has offered only one side of the part, or else has rushed madly into battle from the first, behaving like a crazed Second Murderer. Several actors have presented half of the man. One, for example, let us hear the poetry without allowing us to believe for half a second that he could have unseam'd the merciless Macdonald from the nave to the chaps. Another who appeared on the stage looking like Ben Nevis, had not the slightest idea what to do with rocky woods and shard-borne beetles: poetry, it was clear, embarrassed him.

It is something for a Macbeth to frighten himself (and I have known an actor to do it, a kind of flying Scotsman); but it does not help us if we realise, all the while, that we are watching a play and studying technique instead of listening to the storm that rages in a man's soul and takes expression in some of the most glorious verse ever set down. Olivier is succeeding at Stratford-upon-Avon—and it is a long time since one has said that of a Macbeth—because he can both feel and communicate. Macbeth appears on the heath not as a ponderous walking sheepskin, but as a man, quick-moving, sensitive, whose mind would be as alert to direct a battle as his hand would be swift with a sword. The witches speak. Macbeth's face is at once a book where man may read strange matters. Throughout, we are to share his thought, to watch the soon-resolved uncertainty,

This way and that dividing the swift mind, In act to throw (as another poet said), to understand the later conflict of conscience with fear, to feel the approach of doom. Nothing can banish those terrible dreams that shake him nightly. Murder must breed murder. For Macbeth the stars have hidden their fires; he must stride on alone through night eternal.

Duncan is slain; Banquo is slain; but what we are watching is the death of a soul, a lingering suicide. The gallant soldier, valour's minion, is pierced by his own hand. It is, in one sense, a dying man that in those central scenes moves, robed and crowned, through Forres; and his agony is the fiercer because he knows from what an eminence he sank, and what must be his fate. "Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell," says Malcolm in the English scene. He is not speaking of Macbeth; but we can think of

Macbeth—and as John Masefield thought of him. I have quoted the passage before: it is an excitement to find in Olivier (as a distinguished colleague reminds me) a voice able to exalt and to blast, a Macbeth who

can tell us at first of Lucifer, star of the morning, and later of an angel fallen.

This performance will be criticised, I have no doubt, because Olivier does not do the usual things, because he sees and feels Macbeth anew, and neither grabs from the property-box nor uses a basic-Bardic rumble (What cares these roarers for the name of king?). I have seen and heard "Macbeth" over and over; but, until the evening of June 7 at Stratford-upon-Avon, I had never known the part acted completely, heard the verse come over to me in its fullest meaning, sense and sound allied. Olivier's exploration of the mind could terrify. We had the conflict in the brain, and the physical conflict as well. Laurence Olivier is an intellectual (without quotation-marks). He is also a virile actor. Macbeth stands before us in all his haunted power.

Very well, a "rave notice": I do not withdraw a word. Olivier, on the first night, slackened in the Cauldron scene (one missed the flash of "Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits"), and he lost, too, the scene with the "cream-faced loon." For the rest, I am in the highly unfashionable position of admiring a major actor in a major part, and of adding to my ineffaceable memories of the theatre this Macbeth's isolation of the line, "We are yet but young in deed" and the unutterable despair of "To-morrow, and to-morrow."

Now my enthusiasm must dip. The rest of the production will serve. Vivien Leigh is too intelligent an artist not to ensure that Lady Macbeth, queen of air and darkness, does what is needed; the character has been over-driven in its time, and Miss Leigh wisely keeps it in the right proportions. Others in the cast—Maxine Audley, Keith Michell, William Devlin—help along the play: the Witches, air-borne at first, are unfortunate, but then, the Witches usually are: we cannot do much for them on the modern stage. Glen Byam Shaw has directed in sets by Roger Furse that are most impressive when most ominously lit. But here the Macbeth governs all.

I have little to say of "Mourning Becomes Electra" (Arts) except to mourn that O'Neill's play which, in theory, had seemed durable enough, wears so badly. We come from the theatre thinking of some redoubtable performances—Mary Morris has a mind of steel—regretting the absence of a revolving stage (there are inevitable waits), and wondering how the dramatist had patience to pull on. It is a long, long pull; we ask whether it is much fun to be in the same boat with the Mannons, and whether they are really worth the trouble. I do not think they are.

The play is O'Neill's variation on the tragedy of the house of Atreus. In his hands it becomes a lumbering New England melodrama. The few scenes of true intensity do not atone for the wastes of the rest and for O'Neill's want of

kindling language. I have been more complimentary about the play in the past; Peter Hall's revival has forced me to change my mind—not, I hasten to add, because Mr. Hall's handling is uncertain or because acting is poor; simply because "Electra," for me, has lost its force and become a teased-out wail. Miss Morris is in potent form; Mary Ellis, Joseph O'Conor, Ronald Lewis and John Phillips lead a gallant company. But what a crew these Mannons are, of sorriest fancies their companions making! More than once I wished that Macbeth could have looked in to treat them all as he treated the merciless Macdonald.



"IT IS, OF COURSE, A NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDY ON THE PATTERN OF THE CLASSIC TALE OF THE HOUSE OF ATREUS; THERE ARE ONE OR TWO STRONG SCENES, AND MARY MORRIS CAN DEAL WITH ANY LITTLE PROBLEM OF THIS SORT": EUGENE O'NEILL'S PLAY "MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA" (ARTS), SHOWING A SCENE WITH ORIN (RONALD LEWIS) AND HIS SISTER LAVINIA (MARY MORRIS).



"LAURENCE OLIVIER IS THE FINEST MACBETH OF OUR DAY": A SCENE FROM THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON PRODUCTION, SHOWING MACBETH (LAURENCE OLIVIER) AND LADY MACBETH (VIVIEN LEIGH). THE PLAY IS DIRECTED BY GLEN BYAM SHAW.



"THE REST OF THE PRODUCTION WILL SERVE . . . BUT HERE THE MACBETH GOVERS ALL": "MACBETH" AT STRATFORD, SHOWING (L. TO R.) MACDUFF (KEITH MICHELL); MALCOLM (TRADER FAULKNER) AND ROSS (WILLIAM DEVLIN) IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

RUTH DRAPER (St. Martin's).—Miss Draper, as the old Maine woman in the verandah rocking-chair, is truth itself. We sense this, though we have not been to Maine. It is so with the other studies in her famous portrait gallery: Miss Draper is a fastidious artist, and an evening in her company is one of the keen satisfactions of the theatre. (June 6.)

"MACBETH" (Stratford-upon-Avon). Laurence Olivier is the finest Macbeth of our day.

Many of us thought so after his first performance in 1937 at the Old Vic. His return to the play at Stratford confirms this. Here is the part seen freshly and acted with a concentrated creative power. The rest of the production is just a sound frame for Olivier's performance. (June 7.)

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA" (Arts).—Eugene O'Neill's play, or rather, trilogy in thirteen acts, has not worn well. It comes to us now—and some of us, if we are candid, must contradict a previous view—as sound and fury signifying very little. It is, of course, a New England tragedy on the pattern of the classic tale of the house of Atreus; there are one or two strong scenes, and Mary Morris can deal with any little problem of this sort. Even so, between four and five hours with the Mannons family is far too much. The Mannons are not worth it, and O'Neill's dialogue can be glumly uninspired. (June 9.)



"THE MOST STATELY PROCESSION OF BUILDINGS WE POSSESS": THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH, WHICH H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ARRANGED TO VISIT ON JUNE 21 FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE REDECORATED CHAPEL.

The noble group of buildings which makes up the Royal Naval College (Royal Hospital), Greenwich, and the National Maritime Museum (Queen's House) were described by Sir Charles Reilly as "the most stately procession of buildings we possess." The Queen's House, now the National Maritime Museum, is not visible in our photograph as it lies to the right, beyond the road on the right of the picture, but the impressive lay-out of the four great blocks, the Queen Anne and Queen Mary Buildings (farthest from the camera; l. and r.), and the King Charles and King William Buildings (nearest the camera; l. and r.), is clearly shown. On June 21 the Archbishop of Canterbury arranged to dedicate the newly-restored chapel to St. Peter and St. Paul in the presence of H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. The chapel, situated under the dome of the Queen Mary block, was originally designed by Wren, and completed by Ripley in 1752. It was destroyed by fire in 1779 and reopened in 1789. "Athenian" Stuart was then Surveyor, but most of the detail work on the chapel can be ascribed to his Clerk of Works, William Newton, and is as fine as anything produced in the neo-Grecian style. The chapel was last restored in 1882, and the heavy colours used at that period had grown even darker through atmospheric pollution; and wartime bombing had loosened much of the plasterwork of the ceiling, so restoration was called for. The work has been well carried out under the supervision of the Ministry

of Works and the original delicate beauty of the decoration has been recaptured. The dome of the King William Building, which faces that of the Queen Mary block, belongs to the famous Painted Hall decorated by Thornhill. Another notable romantic feature of Greenwich—and one which has only recently been added—may be described at the bottom left-hand corner of our photograph. This is the specially-constructed permanent dry-dock in which the famous clipper *Cutty Sark*, fastest ship under sail in her time, is now lying. She is at present being refitted, and will soon be seen once more in all her former glory, to be preserved as a lasting memorial to the Merchant Navy. Greenwich was originally a Royal palace. The Queen's House, begun for Anne of Denmark, consort of James I., and completed for Henrietta-Maria, Queen of Charles I., was later the residence of the Ranger of Greenwich Park and Governor of the Naval Hospital, then becoming a school for the children of naval men; and in 1937 it was opened as the National Maritime Museum. The King Charles Block of the Royal Naval College was built by Charles II. to form part of a Royal palace to replace the old Tudor structure; but in William and Mary's reign Greenwich became a Naval Hospital, and the King William and Queen Mary and Queen Anne blocks were subsequently constructed. The original plan was Wren's, but the buildings were completed by Vanbrugh, Hawksmoor and others.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT never rains but it pours—and this is especially true of information; one can't learn a new fact, even by chance, without the same fact almost instantly recurring in another context. Everyone must have observed this law of life. And now, hard upon Mr. Enright's "Academic Year"—which was about an English lecturer at Alexandria University—we get "The Picnic at Sakkara," by P. H. Newby (Cape; 12s. 6d.), which is about an English lecturer at the University of Cairo. And they tell us substantially the same thing. In each, the hero has a "frustrated love affair," with a spontaneous, murderous, impossible, enchanting world. In each, there is the same background of rioting and students' strikes, the same picture of local "justice"—and for its Englishman, the same risk of being done to death, without the slightest prejudice to warm personal esteem. Till he is driven from the field, with the consoling notion of writing a book about it. "Academic Year" was a documentary—highly intelligent and sensitive, not flat but round, yet a documentary for all that. While Mr. Newby fashions the same material into a plot; a pure, even fantastic story, which—as we have learnt from "Academic Year"—is yet fantastically realistic.

Again the Englishman is predestined to look a fool, but this time on a more active and heroic pattern. It is remarked of Edgar Perry, in the thick of things, that he lives in "a world of histrionic irony," where other people know more about his situation than he does himself. On the Egyptian front, it is his fault—because he won't take a telling. He should have guessed that his report on welfare was a mirage, and that Tureiya Pasha's longing to serve Egypt was a manner of speaking. In any case, he has been warned to drop the investigation. He has been warned, and, indeed, ordered, not to attend the students' picnic at Sakkara. He has been warned against Muawiya Khaslat, by Muawiya himself—with all the emphasis even that haunting pupil can think up, in the intervals of saving his life and spiriting him out of gaol. And as he took no notice, it serves him right to be thrown over by Tureiya, and represented as a would-be suicide by a sentimental assassin. Still, he is not to blame for the domestic ironies. After a four-year separation in the war, his wife has joined him—and announced herself "engaged" to a Scots lover. Perry can never remember the man's name. Indeed, he is a figment; he is Mary's last bid for romance. And romance comes of it, pressed down and overflowing....

This is an exquisitely funny book. It is an airy yet perfect structure. Apparently it is all truthful. And it has scenes of unalloyed, poetic, although comic bliss.

OTHER FICTION.

"Lord Minimus," by Peter Towry (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), also has a fantastic element, rooted in fact. It is the tale of little Jeffery Hudson, who was a son of the Duke of Buckingham's bull-baiter, made his débüt out of a pie-dish at a banquet for King Charles I., and became Henrietta Maria's favourite dwarf—"From gutter to Palace in six weeks." He was a well-shaped little boy, not even (except metaphorically) too big in the head; and not abnormally swelled-headed for his situation in life. We know that he was brave, quarrelsome, intelligent; that he killed a man in a duel; that he was twice captured at sea, the second time by pirates off the Barbary coast, and lived for ten years as a slave; and that he afterwards returned to England a "little man." In his captivity, he had grown to nearly 4 ft.

This is a ticklish, though a flamboyant theme. The writer could have made it a historical novel: or a serious, and therefore painful, study of a freak: or, finally, a pure extravaganza. But his solution, like the little hero, is a "species alone." It has not the aura of historical fiction, though it makes deft work of the period, and its lightning sketches of the King, the Duke, and especially the Queen, are brilliantly natural. Extravaganza has full play at the start—in Jeffery's Tom Thumb braggadocio, his brush with Dunkirk privateers, his rout by an old turkey-cock, and, later on, his toils and triumphs at the siege of Breda. Then, later still, there is a comic, scintillating ballet-movement—"The loves of the dwarfs." For Jeffery has a small playmate at court, and a detested rival in a pupil of Van Dyke—a miniature artist, in a double sense. The narrative has immense brio, and an indescribably original, semi-romantic charm.

"Give Me That Man," by E. G. Cousins (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is, by comparison, an "ordinary" novel, though it concerns an abnormal predicament. The first narrator has a ranch in Montana; and "Mom is really his girl." There would be no harm in that, if she were not a beautiful and still young widow, sexually unbalanced. One day, she goes out of her mind; and Matt is labelled in the Press, dismissed the Army, threatened with lynching on the ranch, and forced to wander off under an assumed name. Not, one would think, a pleasant story; but the hero is so likeable, and his adventures, incidentally, are so amusing, that one regrets having to part from him. The new speaker is Lyn Van Epps—a girl of wealth, charm, intellect and "fashion," who has been dabbling in journalism, and thus heard of the "incest" scandal. She saw the young man once; therefore she knows it can't be true, and sets herself to hunt him down, and drag him back into the world. Quite soon, we become reconciled to Lyn; she is as nice as Matt, and even better company. And with her sojourn at Lone Pine and visit to the Indian-fighting old misogynist Eph Squadd, the tale reaches a happy ending and a peak of humour.

"Two Ends to the Town," by John Bude (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), features a seaside resort in winter. At one end live the chapel-going Blagdons: a crippled matriarch, a widowed daughter-in-law with a little girl, and the surviving son, who runs a bookshop. The other end is thick with pin-tables and petty crooks; and Edward Blagdon sets out to evangelise it, unknown to his mother. Only, instead, he gets demoralised. He takes up with Finchy Moon's girl; and Finchy makes her pump him, with a view to robbing the house. After this straight prologue, the curtain rises on Inspector Sherwood, and a body washed up by the pier. A sober, friendly K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

GATEWAYS TO ADVENTURE.

ONE of the most exciting Resistance stories of the war is undoubtedly "We Die Alone," by David Howarth (Collins; 15s.). It is the story, pieced together after the war, of the epic adventure of Jan Baalsrud in early 1943. Baalsrud was a young Norwegian soldier who had escaped from Norway and volunteered to go back in a fishing-boat to sabotage one of the German Arctic air-fields, which inflicted such appalling losses on our convoys to Murmansk. By an incredible piece of ill-luck, the storekeeper to whom they had been recommended had died six months before, his store being taken over by a man of exactly the same name, who was, however (while not a Nazi supporter), a coward, and who betrayed them to the Germans. Alone of the twelve, Baalsrud escaped into the mountains of the island in deep snow, with his big toe shot off. Gradually, sometimes swimming, sometimes in a stolen row-boat or in one manned by loyal Norwegians, he managed to get to the mainland near Tromsø. There he escaped from an avalanche by a miracle, and by an even greater miracle survived days of concussed wandering, foodless and frost-bitten, in the blizzard, until by chance he stumbled in at the door of a friendly Norwegian peasant. From that point his real troubles began. There was a German garrison a few hundred yards away, and it was impossible for his presence to be kept secret. He had therefore to be carried under the noses of the Germans to a boat and rowed across to the other side of the fjord and left with a supply of food in an abandoned log cabin. His benefactors were held up for a week by a storm, during which time gangrene set in on his frost-bitten feet, leaving Baalsrud no alternative but to amputate his own toes, while in semi-delirium, with a small pen-knife. The story of how four men on skis managed to get the helpless man over the mountains and to safety in Sweden is one the full implications of which any skier and mountaineer will appreciate. Indeed, the men who took part in this most gallant effort cannot now, in peace-time, and twelve years later, imagine how they could possibly have succeeded. A wonderful story of supreme heroism and endurance—and finely told.

Any lover of Greece will be delighted with "Journey to the Styx," by John Pollard (Christopher Johnson; 16s.), and those who do not know their Greece will be converted Philhellenes in consequence. I have visited most parts of Greece, but, unlike the author, I have never seen the Styx, which, as Mr. Pollard says, "is an extraordinary river. For most of its course it flows underground, and we could hear it rumbling and roaring beneath us as we toiled up the rocks." From his description it is little wonder that the ancient Greeks regarded it with such awe as the fatal river across which the souls of heroes and ordinary mortals alike were ferried to the other side, and which has given to our language such phrases as "Stygian gloom." The Styx, with its magnificent falls, constitutes the climax of his journeyings, which take us on a pleasant "archaeological-crawl" through most of the famous historical sites in Greece. The story is told entirely subjectively, and the author's knowledge of archaeological and classical history is pleasantly inlaid with the problem of how to deal with ferocious shepherd dogs and how to avoid falling into the hands of bandits. I found the book delightful and nostalgic—for whoever has once been to Greece leaves a bit of his heart behind there. I hope Mr. Pollard has many other shots of this type in his locker.

One of the most attractive spots in the whole of the Balkans is the so-called "Iron Gates" at Turnu Severin, where the Danube runs through frowning bluffs which, but for the "wet" attitude of the Foreign Office, could have been blown up in the early days of the war, thus effectively stopping the flow of oil from Rumania to Germany—but that is another story. It was therefore with great interest that I read "The Iron Gates of Illyria," by Torgny Sommelius (Hart-Davis; 18s.). This is the story of a Swede who set off to go through Yugoslavia on his way to India, and never got to his destination because he fell under the spell of the Yugoslavs. Hr. Sommelius's book is quite pleasant, though just occasionally I get the impression that he has swallowed a little too much of Titoist propaganda. At the same time, his chapter on Cardinal Stepinac is both excellent and moving. The photographs in the book are well suited to this unusual travelogue. Hr. Sommelius catches the atmosphere of this curious country, western and civilised up to the boundaries of the old Austro-Hungarian empire, barbarian and Oriental in Serbia and those parts which for centuries were under Turkish rule. Dalmatia, of course, of which he has much to say, is unique. Rome, Byzantium, Venice have given that enchanted coast a civilisation of its own amid the encircling gloom of Serb barbarism.

Mr. Dane Chandos is in a class by himself as a writer of travel books, as those who have read his accounts of travel in Spain and Portugal will admit. His new book "Isles to Windward" (Michael Joseph; 15s.), as its name implies, deals with the West Indies, where the Trade Winds blow and where, to our shame, we allow these ancient possessions to decay. Mr. Chandos's the unusual makes his descriptions of not merely our own colonies, but of the faintly absurd Negro republic of Haiti both amusing and fascinating. The book is more copiously illustrated than that of Hr. Sommelius, and throughout its pages one gets the authentic feel of those islands and their warm, prevailing wind.

"When Iron Gates Yield," by Geoffrey T. Bull (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is the story of how an evangelical missionary was caught in Tibet by the Chinese and thence transported to China, where he spent several years in prison and was subjected to the "brain-washing" technique of Marxist indoctrination, with which too many people all over the world have become too familiar. While his frequent quotation from the less literary hymnodists is not to my personal taste, the story is a fine one and the steadfastness and courage of Mr. Bull must compel admiration. Indeed, his moving description of his imprisonment and of the activities of his enemies brings home to one the fact that we are all in this spiritual battle together.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

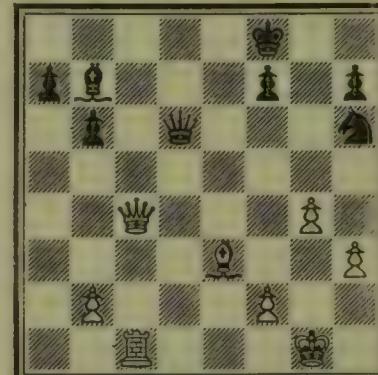
BY BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

"REMOVING the guard" is the very essence of chess logic. If Piece A guards Piece B, attack Piece A and you may win one or the other.

Cover the space below each of the following diagrams, to enable you to try to solve them without seeing the answers.

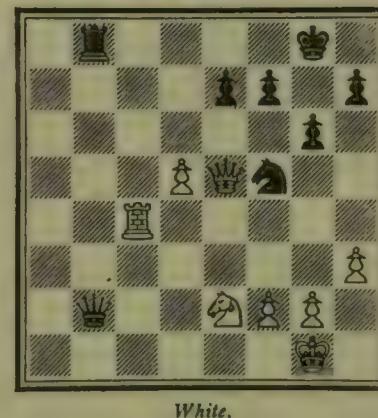
In each, White has at his disposal a move so powerful as to entail his opponent's immediate resignation. In both, material is equal at the moment, and there is little implication of catastrophe in the air. Even a strong player might overlook the chance offered him; but most chess-playing readers should find it, knowing that the opportunity is there, and supplied with the clue that some defending piece is to be attacked.

Black.



White.

Black.



White.

First diagram: 1. Q-B7. All three of Black's pieces are attacked. If he answers 1... QxQ, then his queen has been diverted from the protection of his knight; White can play 2. BxKtch before bothering to recapture the queen.

Second diagram: 1. R-B8ch forcing 1... RxP and allowing 2. QxQ.

Fred Reinfeld has collated an immense number of positions like these in a rather fine new book, "1001 Brilliant Chess Sacrifices and Combinations," just published in America. Look out for it when it appears in England in September!



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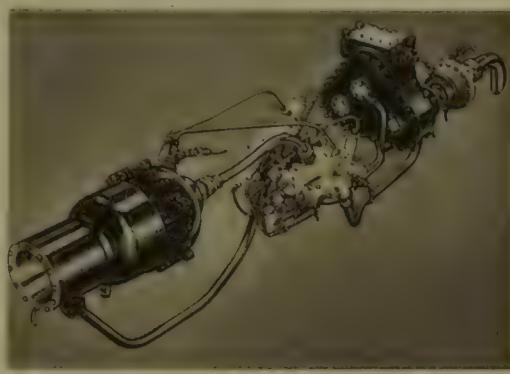
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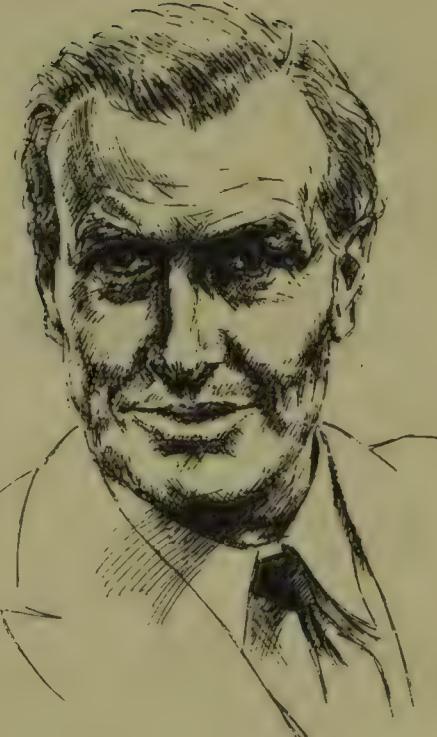
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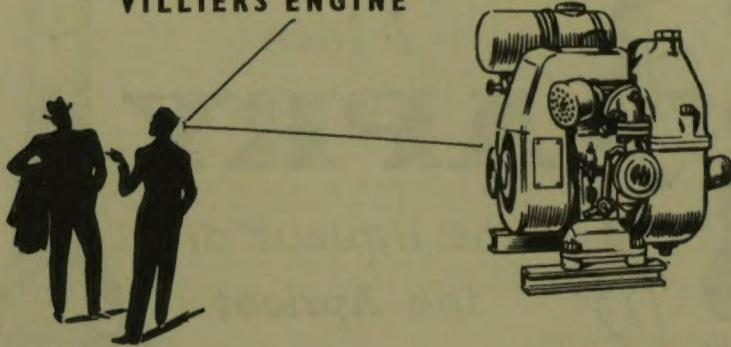
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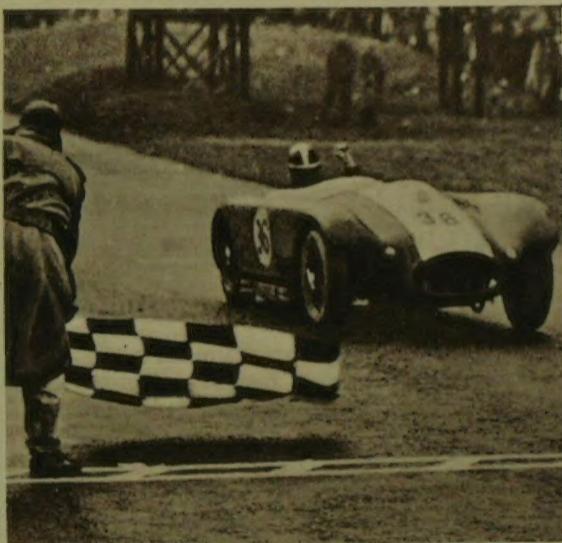
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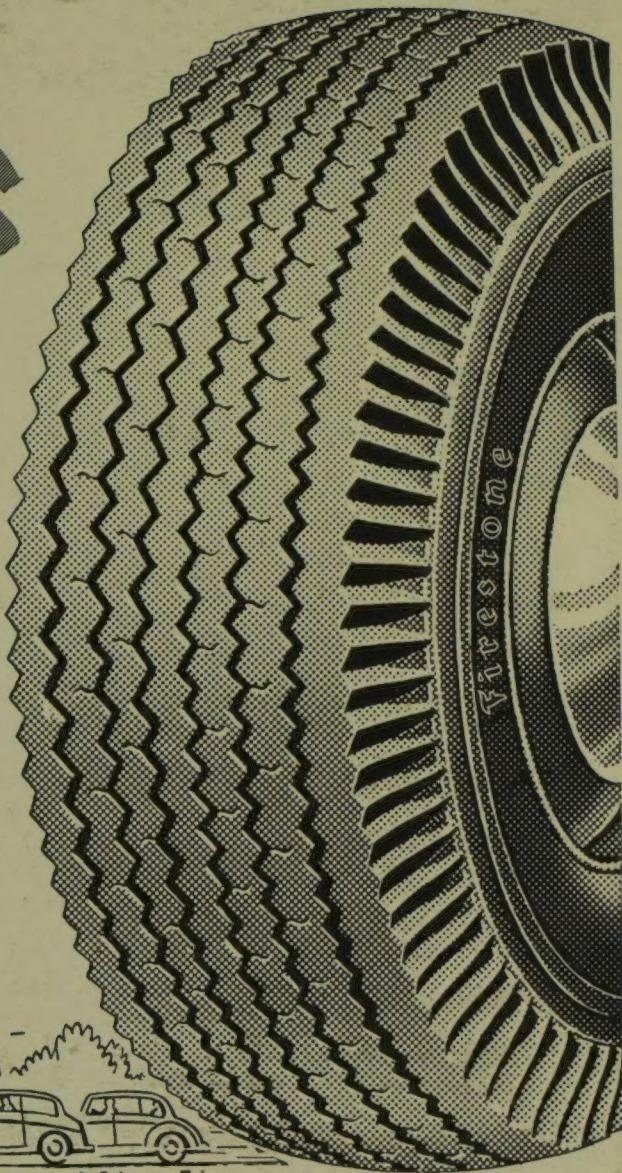
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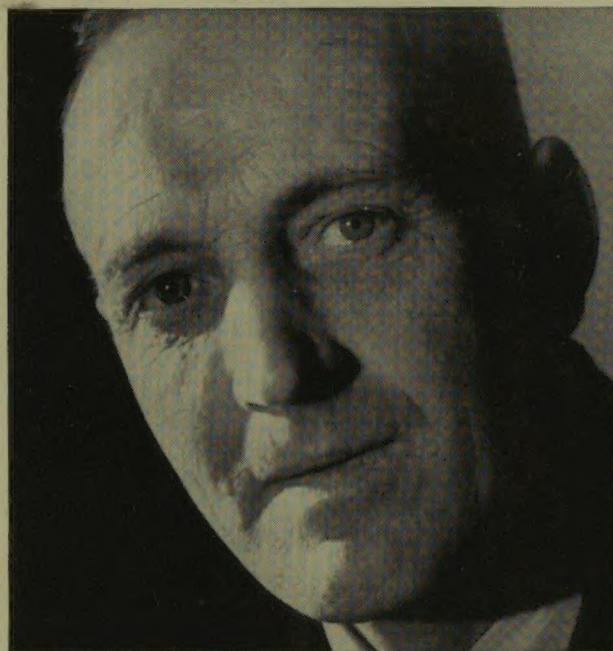
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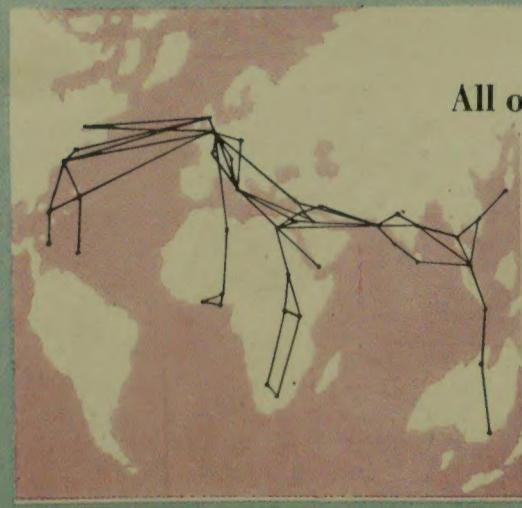
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